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LIFE AND WORK IN THE POWDER-MILLS.

By Cleveland Moffett.

With Pictures from Photographs by Mr. Leroy C. Kendall

A STRANGE heritage was that bequeathed to his children by Éleuthère Irénée du Pont de Nemours, when, driven from France by the Revolution, he came to the far-away State of Delaware, and, with skill in chemistry acquired under the great Lavoisier, set to work in 1802, making gunpowder for America and the civilized world, if a world can be called civilized that uses so much of it. Vast wealth he prepared for his descendants, the family fortunes to-day uniting into nearly a hundred millions. But along with the riches, he left a dread responsibility that presses down relentlessly upon every son and grandson. "Thou shalt not rest; thou shalt not fear;" is written on the brow of every du Pont child, and read in the life of every du Pont man. If ever a family was brave, it is the du Ponts; if ever a family had need of bravery, it is they.

The du Ponts monopolize the gunpowder business of America, controlling twenty-eight of the thirty-two mills in the country. They do this by confiding to no one, not even to the archives of the Patent Office, their secret methods of composition, their specially devised machinery, and all the lore of gunpowder-making that has come to them through generations. This inherited knowledge is the family treasure, and to guard it inviolate, the du Ponts must be their own mechanics, chemists, superintendents, and engineers; must spend hours every day in the mills; must live with the menace of sudden and frightful death always before them. The Czar knows no greater dangers than these silent, grave-faced men—Eugene du Pont, the present head of the family and the firm; Francis G. du Pont, whose mechanical and electrical inventions are the marvel of engineers; Dr. Alexis I. du Pont, who holds in his head chemical formulæ for gunpowder worth millions; Colonel Henry A. du Pont, who personally directs the transportation of the gunpowder; Charles I. du Pont, who oversees the dangerous process of sealing it in cans and boxes; and Pierre and Francis du Pont, who between them manage the dynamite and nitro-glycerine works, to the constant risk of their lives.

TWO DU PONTS PAY WITH LIFE FOR THE FAMILY FORTUNE.

Thus far no du Pont has ever been false to this family law of bravery, while more than one has given his life in obeying it. One Saturday evening in the summer of 1857, Alexis I. du Pont, son of Éleuthère, was in one of the mixing-rooms with some of his men, trying to shift a heavy yellow-pine box. As they slid the box along the floor, the friction caused a spark to strike, and instantly the room was ablaze. Fortunately, most of the gunpowder had been taken out, it being the end of the week; but the walls and floor were sufficiently sprinkled with it to cause a sharp puff, which set the men's clothes on fire. Alexis, realizing the danger instantly, and being himself in flames, called to the men to follow him, and running out of the building, threw himself into the mill-race. The others did likewise, and thus, for the moment, all were safe. But Alexis, turning towards the mills as he swam, saw that sparks from the burning mixing-room were

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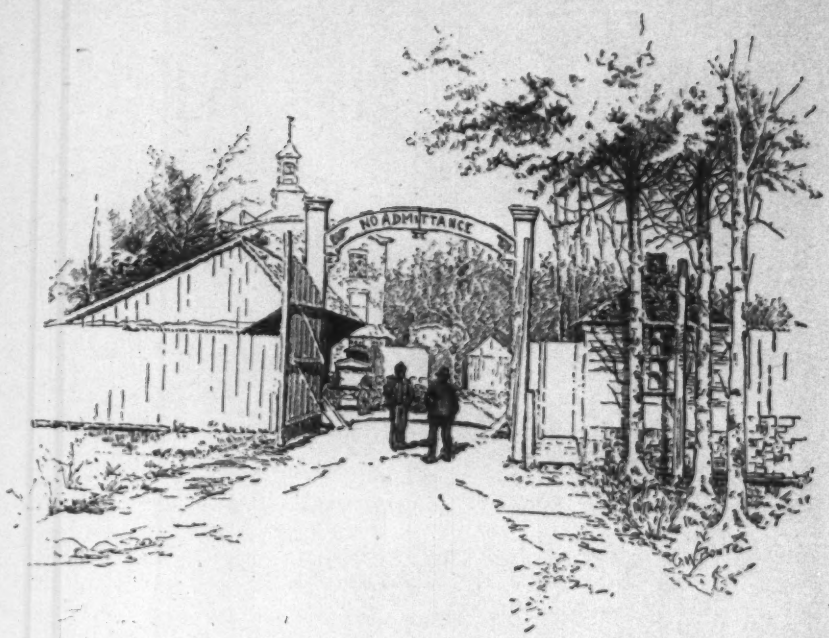
falling in showers on the roof of the press and cutting mill, which contained, as he knew, several tons of powder. In spite of the appeals of the men, he rushed back to the point of danger, calling out as he ran: "Now, boys, pass me buckets of water."

Then he climbed fearlessly upon the roof, which was now nearly burned through — for in those days the roofs were made of pitch and cement —and began fighting the flames as best he could. Inspired by his courage, the workmen rallied with a will at the bucket line; but before they had got fairly started, the explosion came, blowing Alexis du Pont with fearful force against one of the drying stands, crushing his ribs into his lungs, and injuring him so that he died in great agony a few hours later.



THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE WORKS.

He died like a du Pont, and so did dashing young La Motte du Pont, a worthy grandson of old Éleuthère, who gained fame for himself during the Crimean War by running the Russian blockade with a ship full of gunpowder for the allied forces. La Motte was a brilliant student at the University of Pennsylvania, graduating with honors; and on being received into the firm, he developed great inventive skill, very much as Francis G. du Pont is doing to-day, and he may be said to have revolutionized the whole manufacture of gunpowder. It was his initiative that led the du Ponts to branch out in the making of nitro-glycerine and dynamite. In 1880 they established works for these violent explosives at Thompson's Point, just across the Delaware, on the Jersey shore. La Motte du Pont took personal charge of this most dangerous branch of the business, and was working here on the afternoon of March 29, 1884, when suddenly some of his workmen, white-faced, came rushing out of the dynamite mill, and exclaimed: "For God's sake, save your life!"

Then La Motte did what any du Pont would have done in his place. The works were in danger. That was all he thought of, and he ran deliberately into the threatened mill to save it if he could. For a few minutes he fought the danger with hand and brain, but it prevailed against him, and presently the explosion came like the discharge of a thousand cannon. His body was found driven deep into a sand heap. It was buried with the respect that a brave man always commands.

Thus two of the du Ponts have died in powder explosions within the memory of workmen still employed in the mills. To tell the names of the du Ponts who have risked their lives on burning magazines or in the midst of flying walls, would be to name them all. It has yet to be said that any du Pont ever sent a man into danger where he would not go himself. This fierce courage, taken with their inflexible justice in every dealing, has won for these extraordinary men not only the respect and admiration of all who know them, but the absolute worship of three hundred workmen. In the face of a crisis that may mean death, a du Pont never says: "Go on, boys," but always, "Boys, come on."

When the large saltpetre refinery took fire, soon after General Henry du Pont's death, all the members of the present firm, Eugene, Francis, Charles, and Pierre, worked among showers of sparks in the magazines that were threatened, carrying out bags filled with gunpowder as fast

as they could load them, and emptying them into the creek. And they acted with the same indifference to danger in 1891, when many of their barns were burned by incendiaries in the hope of blowing up the works.

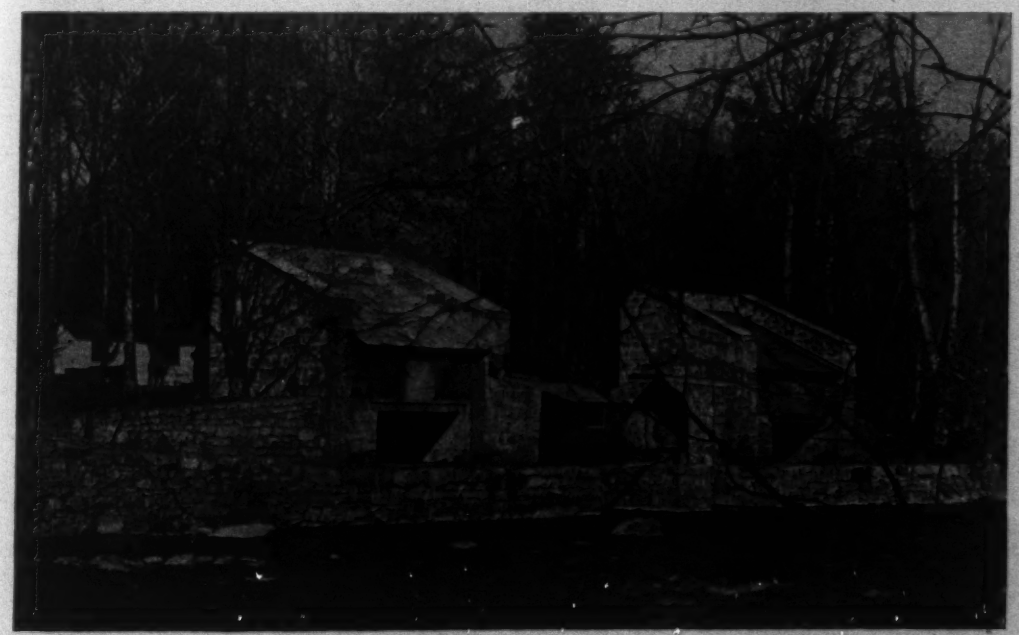
ÉLEUTHÈRE IRENÉE DU PONT.

The founder of the du Pont powder-mills.

THE GREATEST GUNPOWDER EXPLOSION.

The greatest explosion of gunpowder the world has ever known took place at the du Ponts' works on the 7th of October, 1890. With their usual cautious policy the du Ponts have never stated just how great a quantity of powder exploded at this time, but it is certain that three magazines and three mills in the upper yard were blown up, one after another, and a safe estimate will put the quantity of powder exploded at one hundred and fifty tons. In this explosion thirteen men and one woman were instantly killed, while twenty-two men and nine women were injured, some fatally.

The explosion occurred a little after three o'clock in the afternoon. It began in the magazine for hexagonal powder, the kind used in large guns, and the most dangerous, being made not in grains, but in reddish, six-sided cakes about an inch and a half in diameter, and an inch thick, with a small hole running through the centre. These cakes look like nothing so much as the nuts on a wagon-wheel. At the time of the explosion, cakes of powder were being packed into large wooden boxes lined with tin, each box being about three feet square. The tin linings projected above the tops of the boxes about two inches, and, when a box was packed, were folded down over a tin cover fitted closely upon the cakes of powder. It was the duty of one of the workmen, William Green, to solder these tin edges down upon the tin cover, a hot iron being used for this purpose. Green had been in the company's employ for years, and was regarded by them as one



ROLLING-MILLS.

LA MOTTE DU PONT.
Killed by an explosion in 1884.

of their best men. He was sober, intelligent, and always reliable, and it was for these qualities that they had entrusted him with the important work of sealing up the boxes. Though a brave man and a willing, Green had been nervous about this work for months. He had told his wife that he thought it was dangerous. Some day, he had said, a speck of powder would come in contact with a spark from the hot iron, and then all would be up with him.

On the day in question, what he had feared came to pass. A fellow-workman, William McGarvey, was bringing him the hot irons from a charcoal brazier about twenty-five yards distant. Green stood just at the door of the open magazine, and all around him were uncovered boxes filled with the hexagonal powder, ready to be sealed and stowed away. There were also dozens of boxes that had been sealed. Just what happened will never be known, for neither Green nor McGarvey was left to tell the story. But the probability is, one of the soldering irons was a little too hot, and by touching a particle of dirt on the tin cover produced the deadly spark. Without a spark the hot iron itself could have done no harm even if plunged into the powder. The spark, however produced, flew to the mass of powder underneath, and as a pebble starts an avalanche, so this tiny point of fire precipitated the greatest horror in all the annals of gunpowder explosion.

One peculiarity of the hexagonal powder is that it burns very slowly; and it was judged from the position in which Green's body was found that he had seen the first flash in time to spring away from certain death, and throw himself prostrate behind an oak tree a few feet distant. The tree was three feet in diameter, and yet it was torn up by the roots, and every leaf blasted from its limbs, and its trunk and branches blackened as if they had come from a charcoal pit.

A CURIOUS FEATURE OF GUNPOWDER EXPLOSIONS.

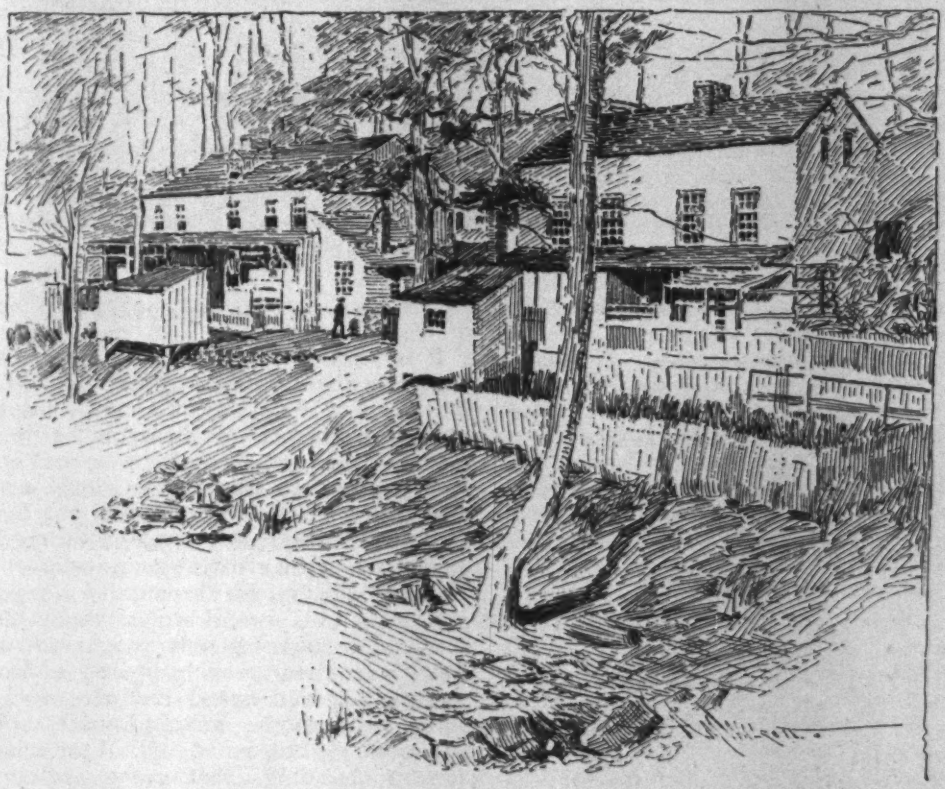
Green was found by the trunk of this tree, his body and face blackened and charred, and the clothing stripped clean from his body. There remained on him only his shoes, which helped in identifying him, and also helped to prove a theory the powder-men hold as true, that when the great shock came he was lying on the ground. In all gunpowder explosions it has been observed that the victims, whether men or horses, have the covering of the feet torn off only when the feet are resting on the ground at the time of the explosion. If one of the feet is in the air and another on the ground, the shoes will be found torn off the foot that was on the ground, and not off the other.

ALEXIS I. DU PONT.
Killed by an explosion in the mills in 1857.

"I remember," said a veteran powderman, speaking of this curious phenomenon, "a big explosion that happened about fifteen years ago. I was standing near the composing-room, when old Mr. Rene du Pont came rushing out of the office and called me to come with him. When one of the du Ponts calls men into danger, he always leads the way and the men always follow. So I started along with the old man, not knowing how soon another mill would go off anywhere about us. We hadn't gone far when I kicked against something, and saw that it was a man's boot with the leg from the knee down still in it. It was all covered with blood, so we knew it belonged to some poor fellow who had been caught in the explosion. Old man Rene looked at the boot a minute, and then said to me: 'That fellow was running when the shock struck him. He had this foot in the air; and that's how the boot happens to be still on it. When we find the body you'll see the other leg without any boot on, because that leg was on the ground.'

"I didn't know this then, and it didn't seem reasonable what the old man said. But sure enough, about a hundred yards farther on we came to a body black as a stove, with one leg blown off at the knee. The other leg was uninjured, but perfectly bare, with not a sign of the boot or stocking, both of which had been blown off along with the poor fellow's clothes. The only thing we ever found of what he had on when he died, was that boot, and we wouldn't have found that if he had kept both feet on the ground. Since then I have noticed the same thing several times; it never fails."

Abundant verification of this curious fact was furnished after the great explosion, several of the men killed being found with one foot bare and the other shod. Horses were also found, some having lost two shoes, some three shoes, some all their shoes, according to the number of feet that were on the ground when they were struck.



WORKMEN'S HOUSES.

Nothing short of an earthquake could have wrought such terrible destruction as did this gigantic explosion. A valuable horse near one of the gates had its foreleg twisted off. A casting weighing eight tons was blown out of one of the press-rooms, clear across the Brandywine Creek,

landing in a field on the other side. A piece of rock weighing three hundred pounds was shot through the air half a mile, piercing the upper story of Victor Sterling's old store building. It went through as if the building were made of paper, cutting seven heavy joists in two, and passed out, narrowly missing a passing teamster, and burying itself deep in the ground. For a quarter of a mile the fields were sprinkled with splinters, canisters, and fragments of iron castings. Dozens of trees as large as the one behind which poor Green in vain sought shelter, were torn out of the ground by their roots and hurled many yards. Large houses occupied by workmen had all the partitions blown out, so that numerous families during the following days found themselves living in one barn-like room. Throughout the yards trenches were ploughed in the ground fifty feet wide and ten or fifteen feet deep, and black with burned powder. Underneath the magazines that exploded, holes were driven down into the solid rock large enough to put two ordinary houses in. Iron beams and columns as thick as a man's waist were twisted out of all shape. And for miles in every direction—in fact, to the limits of Wilmington, window glass was shattered and chimneys were wrecked.

For days after the explosion the woods around the powder-yards showed trees and bushes bearing hideous decorations—here a human jaw with part of the face attached; there two or three ribs of some unknown workman, the shrivelled flesh hanging to them. And along the Brandywine, exploring parties picked up many blackened arms and hands, and gave them decent burial. They also picked up scores of dead chickens.

The greatest gunpowder explosion before this occurred at the du Pont works March 19, 1818, when a large magazine and pounding mill exploded, killing thirty-six men and mortally wounding four.

There is tragedy in gaining wealth by powder-making!

ONE OF THE WORKMEN, BENJAMIN WATSON, WHO HAS SERVED IN THE MILLS TWENTY-FOUR YEARS. HE HAS BEEN IN SEVERAL EXPLOSIONS, BUT EACH TIME ESCAPED SERIOUS INJURY.

From an instantaneous photograph.

NOON IN THE POWDER-YARDS.

It is noon by all the admirable electric clocks in the du Pont powder-mills,—four miles out of Wilmington, Delaware. The boss's whistle sounds shrilly as he passes up the Hagley yards on his way to dinner. Bells ring in the Eleutherian yards, a mile and a half up the creek, and in the lower yards, half a mile down on the other side. It is noon in the greatest gunpowder works in the world, and for three miles along the valley the hills look down on black-faced men coming out of powder magazines, saltpetre refineries, packing-houses, charcoal houses, keg and barrel factories, rolling-mills, press-rooms, mixing-houses, grinding-mills, glazing-mills, and all the miscellaneous buildings that come under the general title of powder-mills.

The du Pont works comprise about a hundred buildings, widely scattered for safety, and divided into three main yards, each about half a mile long, and each surrounded by formidable walls and fences with heavy barred gates, where quick-eyed watchmen stand guard day and night. They nod to the powder-men as they pass out, and to some they hand from their little shanties boots and shoes, which the men slip on in place of the ones they are wearing. Once inside these gates the law is absolute for workmen and guests alike, that no covering for the feet shall contain any nails or particle of spark-producing metal. Powder-men's shoes are especially

THE BRANDYWINE, NEAR THE DU PONT WORKS.

made out of soft leather with wooden pegs in the heels, and many a novice at the works has gone about for days with his feet tied in canvas bags for the want of these.

Scarcely are they outside the yards when the men produce pipes, matches, and cigars from most unexpected places, and begin smoking with a relish born of deprivation. Great smokers they are, these powder-men, by some perversity of fate, and each one has his private hiding-place, a cranny in one of the willow stumps or a loose plank in the Barley Mill bridge, where, in the early morning, after some farewell puffs, he leaves his tobacco treasures, to find them again at noon, the prowling small boy permitting. Quick would be the punishment of any powder-man caught bringing matches or smoking material inside the yards, this rule having become imperative after several men had set themselves on fire from concealed pipes. Spending ten or twelve hours every day in the mills, as they do, these workmen become so saturated with the dust of gunpowder, which soaks into their clothes and into their skins, that they would literally explode or burst into flame should a spark fall on them. So true is this, that whenever a fire breaks out in the yards, the first order given is to send all powder-men away, their inflammability being a real danger not only to themselves, but to the works.

Smoking now as they go, most of the men hurry up the "du Pont Banks" back of the Hagley yards, where some scores of them have homes piled high among the rocks, in strangest confusion, as if an avalanche of trim white houses and giant boulders had been started down the hill and stopped half way, suddenly struck motionless in their mad descent. The powder-men do not mind, however, but clamber up contentedly to this topsy-turvy village without streets, where their wives and daughters have dinner waiting. Those who live across the Creek at "Charles's Banks," ferry themselves over in flat scows. Some do not go home at all, but lounge about in groups along the mill-race, eating their lunches out of tin pails, and in the intervals puffing at the unfailing pipe. Mostly Irishmen they are, these makers of gunpowder, with a sprinkling of Italians and Frenchmen; not a very intelligent lot, perhaps, but vastly interesting, for are they not the grimy dwellers in that strange black besprinkled world where death is done up in boxes and cans from January to December?

POWDER-MEN'S WAGES.

Now, one by one they pass back through the gates, changing their shoes again, and resuming their tasks, not at any given signal, but as they feel disposed, for powder-men in the main work by the piece; so much powder to roll or grind or press, so many kegs to fill or stamp or haul, and then they are free to go home. Every

morning the whistle sounds through the yards, and the bells ring sharply at seven, but scores of the men are at work already, having started sometimes at four o'clock, knowing that the sooner they begin the sooner they will be through. So it is now; and by one o'clock all is busy again, little cars loaded with gunpowder in its various stages being hauled by men or horses from one mill to another, trains laden with powder from the magazines puffing away down the trestles, while slow, heavy sounds come from the massive buildings where iron rollers, weighing eight, ten, sometimes twenty tons, are crushing and grinding and pressing the black mixture that black-handed, black-faced men are feeding in with wooden shovels. Thirty million pounds of gunpowder these rollers turn out every year, fifty tons a day!

PECULIAR STRUCTURE OF THE MILLS.

All the mills are built with sides and backs of ponderous stone, three or four feet of the famous Brandywine granite, but the fronts facing on the creek are almost open, and the roofs are light sheets of corrugated iron. This peculiar construction is calculated to insure the least possible damage in the not infrequent event of an explosion, the roofs flying off like tea-kettle lids, and falling ready to be picked up intact and replaced on the fortress-like sides, which usually remain uninjured. But in some of the newer mills the roof, while made as in the others of corrugated iron, is shaped like a pyramid, the four triangular sides slanting up to a common point. Each of these sides is strongly hinged at the base to its own wall, and not attached elsewhere, its weight holding it in place ordinarily. As soon as an explosion comes, this pointed roof blows open like a rose-bud unfolding, and, suffering no damage, can be immediately closed as before.

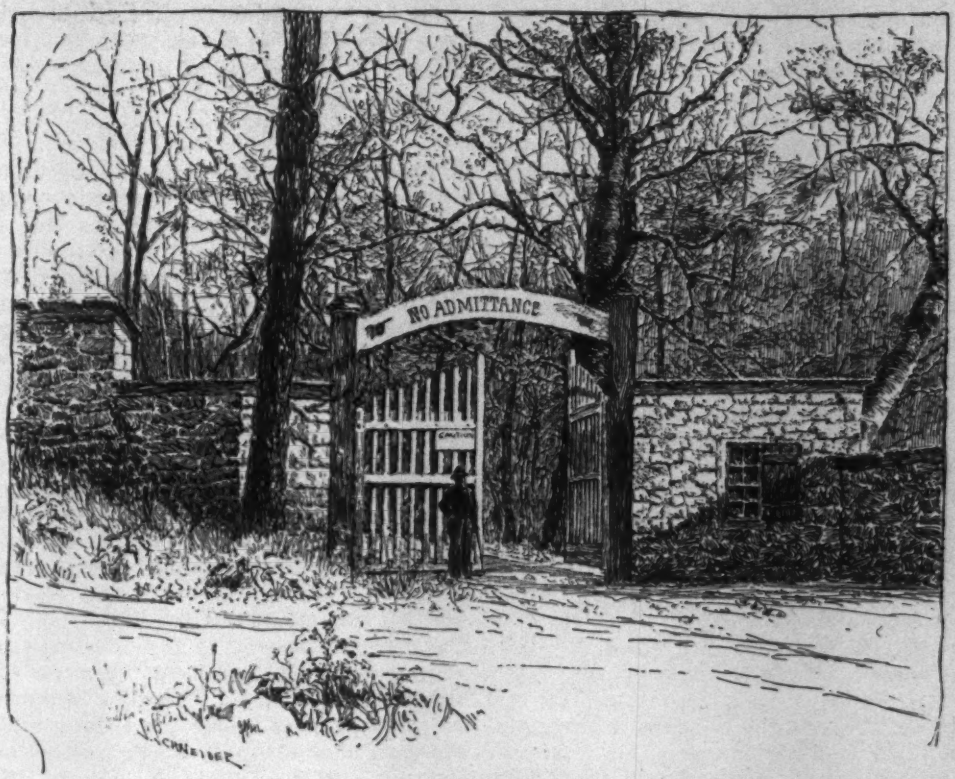
ALEXANDER BURNS, GATE-KEEPER IN THE HAGLEY YARDS. HE HAS BEEN IN THE EMPLOY OF THE DU PONTS LONGER THAN ANY OTHER WORKMAN,—56 YEARS.

Thus each mill is really a gigantic mortar, its load being anywhere from five hundred pounds to fifty tons of gunpowder, according to the operation going on inside. With their usual sagacity the du Ponts have avoided risking all their powder in one explosion, and have constructed a large number of small mills, widely separated, rather than a small number of large ones. Forty feet square is the average ground measurement of these mills, and the heavy sides are uniformly low, thus increasing the strength and giving security against lightning, which has never struck the works in all their ninety-two years of existence. In the flooring and woodwork of these buildings no nails or screws are used, on account of the danger of sparks should the workmen's tools come in contact with a bit of iron. This difficulty is overcome by using pins of hard wood, about five inches long and three-quarters of an inch thick, which are cut square, with a notch near the head, and then driven hard into round holes in the beams. The result is that the structure is still held together solidly, and one danger is avoided.

But there are other dangers, many of them.

HOW GUNPOWDER IS MADE.

Ever since the opening of the century, when the du Pont mills were started, their capacity of production has been steadily increasing, each generation of du Ponts introducing improved methods of mixing, more efficient machinery, and more perfect organization. The tendency has been steadily to make steam and iron do what formerly required men's hands, especially in the last six years, since the death of that



REAR ENTRANCE TO THE WORKS.

fine old conservative, General Henry du Pont, who wrote his own letters with a quill pen, and despised everything modern. The remarkable strides taken in this direction have been mainly the work of Francis du Pont, the mechanical genius of the works, who has accomplished such feats of practical engineering as jointing together a quarter of a mile of steel shafting, running the whole length of the yards, and belted to the motive wheels of a dozen different mills, the whole line of shafting being turned by power from a single stationary engine at the extreme end. Those who know how easily even a few hundred feet of shafting twist in two if there is the slightest variation in the straight line, will appreciate this achievement, which has probably never been accomplished elsewhere. The same inventive skill has laid steam-pipes through the yards a quarter of a mile long, conveying steam over that distance for use in the mills where water power is not available, and also for use in the dry season, when the Brandywine is low.

As already stated, the du Pont works turn out fifty tons of gunpowder a day, but this estimate is made on a basis of only ten hours work, whereas many of the mills work day and night, with double gangs of men, sleeping in relays in the night shanties; so that under high pressure they could turn out a hundred tons of powder a day, especially of the cheaper grades. The entire process of manufacturing the gunpowder, from the stirring together in the mixing-room of the primary ingredients—saltpetre, charcoal, sulphur, etc.,—to the stowing away of the sealed-up cans and boxes in powder cars, does not, with the improved methods and machinery, occupy more than twenty-four hours.

The entire daily output of the works is not started through the various mills in one lot, but is divided into several portions, not more than five tons of freshly mixed powder being sent from the mixing-rooms at once, as the twelve rolling-mills cannot handle a greater amount than that. When the first five tons have been sufficiently rolled and sent on to the press-rooms, another lot is started from the mixing-rooms, and so on, throughout the day, perhaps ten lots following each other successively through the rolling-mills, the press-rooms, the grinding-mills, the glazing and drying mills, the packing-houses, and finally, twen-

ty-four hours after the start, ending their journeyings, done up in kegs or boxes, in the magazines, ready to be hauled away on the powder-trains.

Of all the various processes which the powder goes through, the slowest, the most dangerous, and perhaps the most important, is the rolling. In the rolling-mills many brave fellows have lost their lives or been frightfully wounded. These are the mills with massive walls and light roofs, already described. They stand in pairs along the edge of the Brandywine, the motive power being furnished in most instances by the mill-race that runs behind them. Thus they stand on narrow tongues of land between the mill-race at the back and the creek in front. Powerful turbine water-wheels underneath the mills turn the fourteen-ton iron rollers above, there being two of these in every mill, each eight feet in diameter and eighteen inches across the face. The two are quite separate from each other, the powder being ground not between, but underneath, them, the massive wheels rolling in the position of two carriage wheels in an iron tub ten feet in diameter, around the circumference of which they pursue each other, pressing down upon the bed of powder spread beneath, and kept smooth by rakes attached to a central spindle. Francis du Pont has invented a system of electric registers which enable him to know in his own room at any hour of the day or night just how many mills are working, and whether the charges have been changed at the proper hours; in short, whether all is going on properly in the various mills, and whether the men are doing their duty.

So dangerous is this operation of rolling the freshly mixed powder, that comparatively small quantities are placed in the iron tubs at one time, rarely more than three hundred pounds. When placed under the rollers the powder is fresh from the mixing-room, and is as fine as meal. Its excellence and strength will depend to a great extent upon the amount of rolling it receives, inferior grades being rolled for only an hour, while the better grades are rolled for two, three, or four hours. The longer the powder is rolled the dryer it gets and the more powerful, and so the more apt to explode. Therefore the two workmen in charge of a pair of rolling mills are obliged to stop the rollers at fixed intervals, varying according to the charge, to dampen the powder with water. If they wait too long before dampening the powder, a peculiar condition known as "dusting" is produced, when accidents are especially likely to occur.

STOPPING AND STARTING THE ROLLERS THE MOST DANGEROUS WORK.

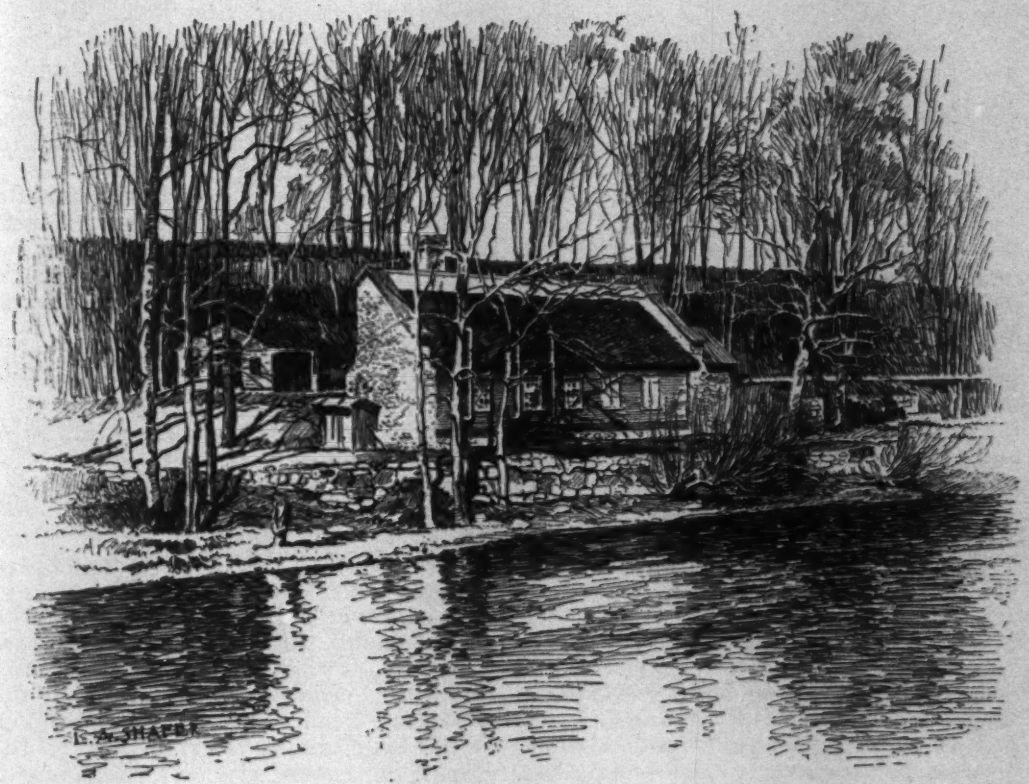
The most critical period of all in the rolling-mill is when the rollers are stopped or started. Time and again, as the tons of iron have made their first lunge into the bed of powder, a spark has resulted from the sudden impact, followed by a quick explosion, blowing the roof yards away, perhaps quite across the stream, and killing whoever chanced to be in the line of the shock.

The danger is even greater in stopping the rollers, once they have been set in motion, and, as a protection to the workmen, it was found necessary some years ago to arrange these mills so that the men in charge could start or stop them from a distance by working levers that let in or shut off the water from the mill-race. This has saved many lives. The men always tarry long enough after working the levers to be sure that all is well. Then in comparative safety they pass inside the rolling-mill to sprinkle down the powder "when she's dusting," or to "make a change" when one lot has been sufficiently rolled and is to be replaced by fresh powder.

Day and night these twelve rolling-mills, placed at intervals along the Brandywine, grind away with their monster wheels, and hour after hour the men in attendance, now one gang, now another, turn on and turn off the water; wheel in fresh barrow-loads of powder, two bucketsful to a load; shovel out the finished powder from the iron pans into empty buckets, always using shovels made of wood; then empty the fresh lot of powder into the pan, load the powder that has been rolled upon the barrow, and wheel it away to the press-room, where it enters at once upon the next stage of its manufacture.

One morning, some years ago, Dan Dougherty, "Big Dan" as he was called, went into the rolling mill "to make a change." According to custom, he set down the two buckets of powder he had wheeled from the mixing-room just outside the door, and then began to shovel out the powder from the pan into two other buckets. He had nearly emptied the pan, so that its iron bottom lay practically bare under the motionless rollers, when suddenly the rollers gave a lurch forward, their iron faces coming directly in contact with the iron of the pan. The cause of this unforeseen movement was

found afterwards to have been a leak in the sluice-gate, which had gradually let through enough water to move the turbines slightly. The rollers stopped after half a turn, but the mischief had been done. A fatal spark had been struck, and instantly the four buckets of powder, holding a quarter of a ton, exploded right in



ONE OF THE GLAZING-MILLS.

"Big Dan's" face, with a shock powerful enough to kill a horse. When his comrades reached the blackened and roofless mill, they found poor Dan lying insensible against the stone wall in the far corner, his skull fractured, a splinter of wood driven half way through his head, both his eyes blown out, and his body frightfully burned and lacerated. He was not quite killed, however. The firm, according to their custom, gave him a pension, which allows him to live comfortably in his own home; and any Sunday the big fellow, with black leathers over his sightless eyes, may be seen following his devoted wife as she leads him by the hand to St. Ann's Church, where they worship. It is said that Dan saw the flash and realized his danger before the explosion, but he told me himself that such was not the case. He saw nothing, then or since; and for two months knew nothing.

IN THE PRESS-ROOM.

From the rolling-mills the powder is transported, sometimes in wheelbarrows, sometimes in little cars, to the press-room, which is a separate building in most cases, about seventy-five yards distant, and built a little back from the creek on the other side of the mill-race. There are two large press-rooms in the works, and several smaller ones, the powder being brought to the one or the other according to convenience and to quality. One of the large press-rooms is devoted to the best grade of powder, and the other to the ordinary grade.

In former years, when the old hand-presses were used, a force of eighteen men was required in each press-room; but now that the powerful hydraulic presses have been introduced, three skilled workmen can attend to everything. As fast as the powder arrives from the rolling-mills it is emptied by the men from the buckets, like so much sawdust, into a large receiving bin. From this bin the press-room

men shovel it into a long box about a foot square, and open on the top, which runs almost across the building. This box is built of heavy timbers, and receives at one end the piston, or ram, of a powerful hydraulic press capable of exerting a pressure of many tons to the square inch.

Before turning on the pressure, the men, having filled the long box with powder, and smoothed it down at the top, divide the powder into a great many small sections by gutta-percha plates which exactly fit into the box. These plates, placed at right angles along the whole length of the box, divide the mass of powder into layers a few inches thick, the distances between the gutta-percha plates being determined by the quality of the powder to be pressed. When all is ready, the hydraulic press is brought into action, its tremendous power packing the powder as one would squeeze a sponge. The quantity of powder which just now filled the entire box no longer fills more than two-thirds of it ; and the ram of the press having been withdrawn, an additional quantity of powder is shovelled in, and the box filled once more. Then the press drives forward again, and finally, by repeated operations of this sort, what was a quantity of soft powder is changed into black cakes about a foot square and an inch thick, each one as hard as coal.

CUTTING THE POWDER.

The powder, having been thus submitted to this enormous pressure and solidified, as it were, is now put through a second process before leaving the press-house. The cutting-machines receive it in their hoppers, and, passing through these, it is broken into chunks about three-quarters of an inch square, which are then hauled away in cars to the grinding mills adjoining.

In my investigations in one of the press-rooms, I came across a powder-man who is quite a character in the works. His name is Sylvester France. He is a Frenchman. His wife keeps a little shop at the eastern end of Wilmington, and between this and the works Sylvester plods twice a day, and always on foot, although the distance is a good five miles. Every morning this stoop-shouldered, wizened old man leaves his home at three o'clock, and, wearing in all seasons the same high rubber boots and overalls, and carrying the same tin pail and faded umbrella, passes through exactly the same streets to the press-room, where he does exactly the same task, and then starts home again. Sylvester usually leaves the powder-yards about three in the afternoon, and has become so machine-like in this, as in all his movements, that on the day of the great explosion, although he had got only a short distance from the works when the shock came, he paid not the slightest attention to it, not even turning his head or noticing the crowds from the city who rushed past him. He had finished his work, and was going home; the explosion was none of his business. Although Sylvester's savings, with the profits of his wife's thrift, have made them quite wealthy, he has never been known to take a street car, though the snow were a foot deep ; and whenever a sympathetic person has given him a street-car ticket, he has invariably sold it for whatever he could get, preferring to dispose of it for one cent rather than indulge in the luxury of a ride.

So perfect are the arrangements throughout the yard for carrying the powder between the various rooms and mills, that the old practice of shovelling it into bags before loading it on carts or cars has been entirely done away with. Now, as soon as the powder-cakes have gone through the cutting machine, the small pieces are discharged into a bin, from which an opening underneath lets them down directly into little cars that are brought on iron tracks directly under the building. These cars carry the powder to the grinding mill, where it is reduced to grains of any desired size. From this mill it is again taken in the little cars, in the same way, to the glazing mill, where it goes through one of the most interesting processes on its way to perfection.

GLAZING THE POWDER-GRAINS.

The large glazing-mill in the middle yard contains complicated machinery, which can be run either by steam or water power, and which serves to keep ten enormous barrels rotating very much after the fashion of churns. These ten barrels are placed horizontally, side by side, one end being connected with the power that turns them, while the other end contains a square door which, when closed, leaves the barrel tightly sealed. The barrels are about seven feet long and four feet in diameter, and through the door enough powder is introduced to half fill them. Along with the powder is introduced a shovelful of composition bullets, made chiefly of lead, and a quantity of black lead in grains.

After they are thus loaded, the barrels are kept turning for about an hour, the result being the generation of a great quantity of heat through the friction against the sides, and the glazing of each separate grain of powder with particles of the bullets and the black lead. Although the powder sometimes gets so hot in the barrels that it actually begins to melt, this part of the manufacture is regarded as among the least dangerous of all. Several veteran powder-men assured me that they had never known of a glazing mill exploding unless it was set off by another explosion.

A TYPICAL POWDER-MAKER.

GRADING AND PACKING.

The glazing process, which also includes drying by rapid fans and blowers, having been finished, the doors of the barrels are opened, and the glossy powder is discharged directly into the cars on the tracks under the building, and is at once drawn to the packing-house, where it is sorted according to size and quality, put up in boxes and kegs, and sent away to the magazines. The packing-house reminds one of a grain elevator as much as anything else. The powder, as fast as unloaded from the cars, is hoisted to the top of the building, and there passed through a series of sieves, each one of which retains all the powder having grains of a certain size, and turns it into a chute destined to receive it. Standing below, at the bottom of these chutes, one sees the powder pouring from five spouts, exactly as grain pours into its bins. Each one of these powder-spouts is marked with a certain letter, the brand varying from single F up to 5–F, and each one having its corresponding bin, from which the corps of workmen shovel out the powder, weigh it in lots of twenty-five pounds each, and then empty these into rows of vibrating funnels, which discharge into the kegs used in commerce.

Everything goes on here with astonishing rapidity, the workmen positively terrifying a stranger by their apparent carelessness in the midst of these large quantities of explosive. Not a day passes when the works are in full operation but the great packing-house sends away two immense wagon loads of these kegs filled, bunged, marked, and branded. It takes three powerful dray horses to pull one of the loads, the average number of kegs being twelve hundred, that is, fifteen tons of powder. Frequently that entire quantity of powder will be waiting in the packing room to be hauled away, and it is hard to imagine the horror of the explosion which would result from a single spark at such a time. In spite of this apparent danger the powder-men consider the packing-room as safe as the glazing-room. No rules of safety, however, hold in gunpowder works, as is shown by the fact that only a few years ago, in one of the packing-rooms, there occurred, without apparent cause, an explosion that killed thirteen men. This, by the way, makes two gunpowder explosions wherein the number of men killed was thirteen.

POWDER-MILL EXPLOSIONS AND WORKMEN'S SUPERSTITIONS REGARDING THEM.

Apart from the danger of explosions, which, by the way, are less frequent than is generally supposed, gunpowder mills are exceedingly healthful places. Such a

thing as a workman dying of consumption is unheard of, the explanation being that the constant breathing into the lungs of dust containing charcoal, sulphur, and saltpetre is beneficial to them. Even horses employed in gunpowder mills are found to be fatter and sleeker than their fellows from the same stable, worked elsewhere.

A ROLLING-MILL, SHOWING MORTAR-LIKE CONSTRUCTION.

As to the death rate in powder-mills, the popular ideas are much exaggerated, the average freight-yard being vastly more fatal than they. Statistics show that from the beginning of this century, when the du Pont powder-mills were established, up to the present year, there has been an average of not quite one death a year from accidents or explosions.

As among the employers, so among the men, fear is almost unknown, the black-faced fellows shovelling the gunpowder about as if it were coal, and walking through it knee-deep, as they would through so much flour. They are perfectly happy, these stolid Irishmen, who go on risking their lives year after year, for about the same wages as are paid in less dangerous employments, that is, forty or fifty dollars a month. And yet they are exceedingly superstitious, it being not uncommon for a man to throw up his job because he has had a warning or his wife has dreamed of a white horse. There are various dreams understood by powder-men to foretell an accident or an explosion, and it is very difficult, often impossible, to get a man who has had one of these to go near the works.

There are several points about explosions on which all powder-men agree, but in regard to which the general public may be excused for being somewhat skeptical. Powder-men assert, for instance, that a spark is necessary to explode gunpowder, and that a flame or a hot iron with no spark may be applied to a quantity of powder with impunity. Nothing would happen, they say, were such an experiment tried, but that the powder would burn slowly or melt.

Another assertion made by them with equal confidence is that gunpowder cannot be exploded by concussion. This theory was also held by the good people of Wilmington until the 30th of May, 1854, when many of them changed their minds. Up to that date the du Pont company had been allowed to haul wagon loads of powder through the streets of the city, the kegs being stowed in curious "powder-schooners" that resembled the old prairie wagons, and were drawn by three or four pairs of mules.

On this particular day, forty years ago, three of these powder-schooners were passing along Fourteenth Street, just in front of Bishop Lea's residence, when, whether by concussion or in some other way, the three loads, containing many tons in all,

exploded, wrecking the bishop's house and terrifying the whole population. The opponents of the concussion theory maintained that one of the drivers must have been smoking and let fall a spark from his pipe. But this could never be demonstrated, as neither the drivers themselves, nor the eighteen mules, nor any considerable fragments of them were ever found. Years later one of the heavy axles was found many feet beneath the road. Since then the du Pont company have been required, when carting powder to the river for shipment by boat, to make a long detour around the city.

Yet only a few weeks ago the theory that gunpowder cannot be exploded by concussion received the strongest possible confirmation in an accident that happened to a wagon loaded with cans of smokeless powder that was going from the du Pont works to the company's wharf and magazine on the Delaware River, near Edge Moor, Delaware. As the wagon was crossing the tracks of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, the engine of an express train struck the rear end of it, splintering it into a thousand pieces, killing one of the horses, and scattering broken cans of powder for yards in every direction. There was no explosion, and with the exception of the driver, who was severely injured, no person received any harm. One of the du Ponts himself was on the train, and, as he surveyed the wreck after they had drawn up, he remarked to one of his friends, in that quiet way the du Ponts have, that it was just as well for them that the powder had not exploded.

A few years ago, a car loaded with cans of powder, in a train on the Wilmington and Northern Railroad, was struck by another train crossing the tracks at Chadd's Ford. The car was splintered and many of the cans broken open. But no explosion followed.

So general is the confidence that gunpowder will not explode under a mere shock, that many tons of it are carried over the country every year in ordinary freight cars attached to ordinary freight trains. A single freight car will usually carry two thousand kegs of twenty-five pounds each. That means twenty-five tons to a car; and as several cars are often drawn in one train, it is easy to imagine what would happen should one of these powder cars suddenly defy the accepted law about concussion, and explode while passing through a crowded city.

HAULING WOOD TO THE CHARCOAL MILLS.

MY SUNDAY AT HOME.

By Rudyard Kipling,

Author of "Plain Tales from the Hills," "Barrack-room Ballads," etc.

"If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again."
—Emerson.

IT was the unreproducible slid "r" as he said this was his "fy-ist" visit to England that told me he was a New Yorker from New York, and when in the course of our long, lazy journey westward from Waterloo, he enlarged upon the beauties of his city, I, professing ignorance, said no word. He had, amazed and delighted at the man's civility, given the London porter a shilling for carrying his bag nearly fifty yards; he had thoroughly investigated the first-class lavatory compartment, which the London and Southwestern sometimes supply without extra charge; and now, half-awed, half-contemptuous, but wholly interested, he looked out upon the ordered English landscape wrapped in its Sunday peace, while I watched the wonder grow upon his face. Why were the cars so short and stilted? Why had every other freight-car a tarpaulin drawn over it? What wages would an engineer get, now? Where was the swarming population of England he had read so much about? What was the rank of all those men on tricycles along the roads? What was the idea of the brass and iron tipped shinny-sticks that were lying in tanned canvas bags on Wimbledon platform? When were we due at Plymouth?

I told him all I knew, and very much that I did not. He was going to Plymouth to assist in a consultation upon a fellow-countryman who had retired to a place called The Hoe—was that up town or down town?—to recover from nervous dyspepsia. Yes, he himself was a doctor by profession, and how any one in England could retain any nervous disorder passed his comprehension. Never had he dreamed of an atmosphere so soothing. Even the deep rumble of London traffic was monastical by comparison of some cities he could name; and the country—why, it was paradise. A continuance of it, he confessed, would drive him mad; but for a few months it was the most sumptuous rest-cure in his knowledge.

"I'll come over every year after this," he said, in a burst of delight as we ran between two ten-foot hedges of pink and white may. "It's seeing all the things I've ever read about. Of course, it doesn't strike you that way. I presume you belong here? What a finished land it is! It's arrived. Must have been born this way. Now, where I used to live, at Porchester—— Hello! What's up?"

The train stopped in a blaze of sunshine at Framlynghame Admiral, which is made up entirely of the name-board, two platforms, and an overhead bridge, without even the usual siding. I had never known the slowest of locals stop here before; but on Sunday all things are possible. One could hear the drone of conversation along the carriages, and, scarcely less loud, the drone of the bumble-bees in the wall-flowers up the bank. My companion thrust his head through the window and sniffed luxuriously.

"Where are we now?" said he.

"In Wiltshire," said I.

"Ah! A man ought to be able to write novels with his left hand in a country like this. Well, well! And so this is Tess's country. I feel just as if I were in a book. Say, the conduc—the guard has something on his mind. What's he getting at?"

The splendid badged and belted guard was striding up the platform at the regulation official pace, and in the regulation official voice was saying to each door:

"Has any gentleman here a bottle of medicine? A gentleman has taken a bottle of poison (laudanum) by mistake."

Between each five paces he looked at an official telegram in his hand, refreshed his memory, and said his say. The dreamy look on my companion's face—he had gone far away with Tess—passed with the speed of a snap-shutter. After the manner of his

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countrymen, he had risen to the situation, jerked his bag down from the overhead rail, opened it, and I heard the click of bottles.

"Find out where the man is," he said briefly. "I've got something here that will fix him if he can swallow still."

Swiftly I fled up the line of carriages in the wake of the guard. There was clamor in a rear compartment—the voice of one bellowing to be let out, and the feet of one who kicked. With the tail of my eye I saw the New York doctor hastening thither, bearing in his hand a blue and brimming glass from the lavatory compartment. The guard I found scratching his head unofficially, by the engine, and murmuring, "Well, I put a bottle of medicine off at Andover—I'm sure I did."

"Better say it again, any'ow," said the driver. "Orders is orders. Say it again."

Once more the guard paced back; I, anxious to attract his attention, trotting at his heels.

"In a minute; in a minute, sir," he said, waving an arm capable of starting all the traffic on the London and Southwestern Railway at a wave. "Has any gentleman here got a bottle of medicine? A gentleman has taken a bottle of poison (laudanum) by mistake."

"Where's the man?" I gasped.

"Woking. 'Ere's my orders." He showed me the telegram, on which were the words to be said. "'E must have left 'is bottle in the train, an' took another by mistake. 'E's been wirin' from Woking awful, an', now I come to think of it, I'm nearly sure I put a bottle of medicine off at Andover."

"Then the man that took the poison isn't in the train?"

"Lord, no, sir. No one didn't take poison *that* way. 'E took it away with 'im, in 'is 'ands. 'E's wirin' from Woking. My orders was to ask everybody in the train, and I 'ave, an' we're four minutes late now. Are you comin' on, sir? No? Right be'ind!"

There is nothing, unless, perhaps, the English language, more terrible than the workings of an English railway line. But an instant before it seemed as though we were going to spend all eternity at Framlynghame Admiral, and now I was watching the tail of the train disappear round the curve of the cutting.

Yet I was not alone. On the one bench of the down platform sat the largest navvy I have ever seen in my life; softened and made affable (for he smiled generously) with liquor. In his huge hands he nursed an empty tumbler, marked L. & S. W. R.—marked also internally with streaks of blue-gray sediment. Before him, a hand on his shoulder, stood the doctor, and as I came within earshot this is what I heard him say: "Just you hold on to your patience for a minute or two longer, and you'll be as right as ever you were in your life. *I'll* stay with you till you're better."

"Lord! I'm comfortable enough," said the navvy. "Never felt better in my life."

Turning to me the doctor lowered his voice. "He might have died while that fool conduct—guard was saying his piece. I've fixed him, though. The stuff's due in about five minutes, but there's a heap *of* him. I don't see how we can make him take exercise."

For the moment I felt as though seven pounds of crushed ice had been neatly applied in the form of a compress to my lower stomach.

"How—how did you manage it?" I gasped.

"I asked him if he'd have a drink. He was knocking spots out of the car—strength of his constitution, I suppose. He said he'd go most anywhere for a drink, so I lured him on to the platform and loaded him up. Cold-blooded people, you Britishers are. That train's gone, and no one seemed to care a cent."

"We've missed it," I said. He looked at me curiously.

"We'll get another before sundown, if that's your only trouble. Say, porter, when's the next train down?"

"Seven forty-five," said the one porter, and passed out through the wicket gate into the landscape. It was then three-twenty, of a hot and sleepy afternoon. The station was absolutely deserted. The navvy had closed his eyes, and now nodded.

"That's bad," said the doctor. "The man, I mean, not the train. We must make him walk somehow—walk up and down."

Swiftly as might be, I explained the delicacy of the situation, and the doctor from New York turned a full bronze-green. Then he swore comprehensively at the entire fabric of our glorious Constitution; cursing the English language, root, branch, and paradigm, through its most obscure derivatives. His coat and bag lay on the bench next to the sleeper. Thither he edged cautiously, and I saw treachery in his eye.

What devil of delay possessed him to slip on his spring overcoat, I cannot tell.

They say a slight noise rouses a sleeper more surely than a heavy one, and scarcely had the doctor settled himself in his sleeves, than the giant waked and seized that silk-faced collar in a hot right hand. There was rage in his face—rage and the realization of new emotions.

"I'm—I'm not so comfortable as I were," he said, from the deeps of his interior. "You'll wait along o' me, *you* will." He breathed heavily through shut lips.

Now, if there was one thing more than another upon which the doctor had dwelt in his conversation with me, it was upon the essential law-abidingness, not to say gentleness, of his much-misrepresented country. And yet (truly, it may have been no more than a button that irked him) I saw his hand travel backwards to his right hip, clutch at something, and come out again empty.

"He won't kill you," I said. "He'll probably sue you in court, if I know my own people. Better give him some money from time to time."

"If he keeps quiet till the stuff gets in its work," the doctor answered, "I'm all right. If he doesn't . . . my name is Emory—Julian B. Emory—193 Steenth Street, corner of Madison and——"

"I feel worse than I've ever felt," said the navvy, with suddenness. "What—did—you—give—me—the—drink—for?"

The matter seemed to be so purely personal that I withdrew to a strategic position on the overhead bridge; and, abiding in the exact centre, ready to descend at either side, looked on from afar.

I could see the white road that ran across the shoulder of Salisbury Plain, unshaded for mile after mile, and, a dot in the middle distance, the back of the one porter returning to Framlynghame Admiral, if such a place existed, till seven forty-five. The bell of a church invisible clanked softly. There was a rustle in the horse-chestnuts to the left of the line, and the sound of sheep cropping close.

The peace of Nirvana lay upon the land, and brooding in it, my elbow on the warm iron girder of the foot-bridge (it is a forty-shilling fine to cross by any other means), I perceived, as never before, how the consequences of our acts run eternal through time and through space. If we impinge never so slightly upon the life of a fellow-mortal, the touch of our personality, like the ripple of a stone cast into a pond, widens and widens in unending circles across the æons, till the far-off gods themselves cannot say where action ceases. Also, it was I who had silently set before the doctor the tumbler of the first-class lavatory compartment now speeding Plymouth-ward. Yet I was, in spirit at least, a million leagues removed from that unhappy man of another nationality, who had chosen to thrust an inexpert finger into the workings of an alien life. The machinery was dragging him up and down the sun-lit platform. The two men seemed to be learning polka-mazurkas together, and the burden of their song, borne by one deep voice, was: "What did you give me the drink for?"

I saw the flash of silver in the doctor's hand. The navvy took it and pocketed it with his left; but never for an instant did his strong right leave the doctor's coat-collar, and, as the crisis approached, louder and louder rose his bull-like roar: "What did you give me the drink for?"

They drifted under the great twelve-inch pinned timbers of the foot-bridge towards the bench, and, I gathered, the time was very near at hand. The stuff was getting in its work. Blue, white, and blue again, rolled over the navvy's face in waves, till all settled to one rich clay-bank yellow, and—that fell which fell.

I thought of the blowing up of Hell-gate; of the geysers in the Yellowstone Park; of Jonah and his whale; but the lively original, as I watched it foreshortened from above, exceeded all these things. He staggered to the bench, the heavy wooden seat cramped with iron cramps into the enduring stone, and clung there with his left hand. It quivered and shook, as a breakwater pile quivers to the rush of landward racing seas; nor was there lacking, when he caught his breath, the "scream of a maddened beach dragged down by the tide." His right hand was upon the doctor's collar, so that the two shook to one paroxysm, pendulums vibrating together, while I, apart, shook with them.

It was colossal, immense, but of certain manifestations the English language stops short. French only, the caryatid French of Victor Hugo, would have described it; so I mourned while I laughed, hastily shuffling and discarding inadequate adjectives. The vehemence of the shock spent itself, and the sufferer half fell, half knelt across the bench. He was calling now upon God and his wife, huskily, as the wounded bull calls upon the unscathed herd to stay. Curiously enough, he used no bad language; that had gone from him with the rest. The doctor exhibited gold.

It was taken and retained. So, too, was the grip on the coat-collar.

"If I could stand," boomed the giant, despairingly, "I'd smash you — you an' your drinks. I'm dyin'—dyin'—dyin'!"

"That's what you think," said the doctor. "You'll find it will do you a lot of good," and, making a virtue of a somewhat imperative necessity, he added, "I'll stay by you. If you'd let go of me a minute I'd give you something that would settle you."

"You've settled me now, you anarchist. Takin' the bread out of the mouth of an English workin' man! But I'll keep 'old of you till I'm well or dead. I never did you no 'arm. S'pose I *were* a little full. They pumped me out once at Guy's with a stummick-pump. I could see *that*, but I can't see this 'ere, an' it's killin' of me by slow degrees."

"You'll be all right in half an hour. What do you suppose I'd want to kill you for?" said the doctor, who came of a logical breed.

"'Ow do *I* know? Tell 'em in court. You'll get seven years for this, you body-snatcher. That's what you are—a bloomin' body-snatcher. There's justice, I tell you, in England; and my Union 'll prosecute, too. We don't stand no tricks with people's insides 'ere. They give a woman ten years for a sight less than this. An' you'll 'ave to pay 'undreds an' 'undreds o' pounds, besides a pension to the missus. *You'll* see, you physickin' furriner. Where's your license to do such? *You'll* catch it, I tell you!"

Then I observed, what I have frequently observed before, that a man who is but reasonably afraid of an altercation with an alien has a most poignant dread of the operations of foreign law. The doctor's voice was flute-like in its exquisite politeness, as he answered:

"But I've given you a very great deal of money, fif—three pounds, I think."

"An' what's three pound for poisonin' the likes o' *me?* They told me at Guy's I'd fetch twenty—cold—on the slates. Ouh! It's comin' again."

A second time he was cut down by the foot, as it were, and the straining bench rocked to and fro as I averted my eyes.

It was the very point of perfection in the heart of an English May day. The unseen tides of the air had turned, and all nature was setting its face with the shadows of the horse-chestnuts towards the peace of the coming night. But there were hours yet, I knew—long, long hours of the eternal English twilight—to the ending of the day. I was well content to be alive—to abandon myself to the drift of Time and Fate; to absorb great peace through my skin, and to love my country with the devotion that three thousand miles of intervening sea bring to fullest flower. And what a garden of Eden it was, this fatted, clipped, and washen land! A man could camp in any open field with more sense of home and security than the stateliest buildings of foreign cities could afford. And the joy was that it was all mine inalienably—groomed hedgerow, spotless road, decent graystone cottage, serried spinney, tasselled copse, apple-bellied hawthorn, and well-grown tree. A light puff of wind—it scattered flakes of may over the gleaming rails—gave me a faint whiff as it might have been of fresh cocoanut, and I knew that the golden gorse was in bloom somewhere out of sight. Linnæus had thanked God on his bended knees when he first saw a field of it; and, by the way, the navvy was on his knees, too. But he was by no means praying. He was purely disgustful.

The doctor was compelled to bend over him, his face towards the back of the seat, and from what I had seen, I supposed the navvy was now dead. If that were the case it would be time for me to go, but I knew that so long as a man trusts himself to the current of Circumstance, reaching out for and rejecting nothing that comes his way, no harm can overtake him. It is the contriver, the schemer, who is caught by the Law, and never the philosopher. I knew that when the play was played, Destiny herself would move me on from the corpse; and I felt very sorry for the doctor.

In the far distance, presumably upon the road that led to Framlynghame Admiral, there appeared a vehicle and a horse—the one ancient fly that almost every village can produce at need. This thing was advancing, unpaid by me, toward the station; would have to pass along the deep-cut lane, below the railway bridge, and come out on the doctor's side. I was in the centre of things, so all sides were alike to me. Here, then, was my machine from the machine. When it arrived something would happen or something else. For the rest I owned my deeply interested soul.

The doctor, by the seat, turned so far as his cramped position allowed, his head over his left shoulder, and laid his right hand upon his lips. I threw back my hat and elevated my eyebrows in the form of a question. The doctor shut his eyes and nodded his head slowly, twice or thrice

beckoning me to come. I descended cautiously, and it was as the signs had told. The navvy was asleep, empty to the lowest notch ; yet his hand clutched still the doctor's collar, and at the lightest movement (the doctor was really very cramped) tightened mechanically, as the hand of a sick woman tightens on that of the watcher. He had dropped, squatting almost upon his heels, and falling lower had dragged the doctor over to the left.

The doctor thrust his right hand, which was free, into his pocket, drew forth some keys, and shook his head. The navvy gurgled in his sleep. Silently I dived into my pocket, took out one sovereign, and held it up between finger and thumb. Again the doctor shook his head. Money was not what was lacking to his peace. His bag had fallen from the seat to the ground. He looked towards it, and opened his mouth—O-shape. The catch was not a difficult one, and when I had mastered it, the doctor's right fore-finger was sawing the air. With an immense caution, I extracted from the bag such a knife as they use for cutting collops off legs. The doctor frowned, and with his first and second fingers imitated the action of scissors. Again I searched, and found a most diabolical pair of cock-nosed shears, capable of vandyking the interiors of elephants. The doctor then slowly lowered his left shoulder till the navvy's right wrist was supported by the bench, pausing a moment as the spent volcano rumbled anew. Lower and lower the doctor sunk, kneeling now by the navvy's side, till his head was on a level with, and just in front of, the great hairy fist, and—there was no tension on the coat collar. Then light dawned on me.

Beginning a little to the right of the spinal column, I cut a huge demi-lune out of his new spring overcoat, bringing it round as far under his left side (which was the right side of the navvy) as I dared. Passing thence swiftly to the back of the seat, and reaching between the splines, I sawed through the silk-faced front of the left-hand side of the coat, till the two cuts joined.

Cautiously as the box-turtle of his native heath, the doctor drew away sideways and to the right, with the air of a frustrated burglar coming out from under a bed, and stood up free—one black diagonal shoulder projecting through the gray of his ruined overcoat. I returned the scissors to the bag, snapped the catch, and held all out to him as the wheels of the fly rung hollow under the railway arch.

It came at a foot-pace past the wicket-gate of the station, and the doctor stopped it with a whisper. It was going some five miles across country to bring home from church some one, I could not catch the name, because his own carriage-horses were lame. Its destination happened to be the one place in all the world that the doctor was most burningly anxious to visit, and he promised the driver untold gold to drive to some ancient flame of his—Helen Blazes, I think she was called.

"Aren't you coming, too?" he said, bundling his overcoat into his bag.

Now, the fly had been so obviously sent to the doctor, and to no one else, that I had no concern with it. Our roads I saw divided, and there was, further, a need upon me to laugh.

"I shall stay here," I said. "It's a very pretty country."

"My God!" he murmured as softly as he shut the door, and I felt that it was a prayer.

Then he went out of my life, and I shaped my course for the railway bridge. It was necessary to pass by the bench once more, but the wicket was between us. The departure of the fly had waked the navvy. He crawled on to the seat, and with malignant eyes watched the driver flog down the road.

"The man inside o' that," he called, "'as poisoned me. 'E's a body-snatcher. 'E's comin' back again when I'm cold. 'Ere's my evidence!"

He waved his share of the overcoat, and I went my way because I was hungry. Framlynghame Admiral village is a good two miles from the station, and I waked the holy calm of the evening every step of that way with shouts and yells, casting myself down in the flank of the good green hedge when I was too weak to stand.

There was an inn—a blessed inn with a thatched roof, and peonies in the garden—and I ordered myself an upper chamber in which the Foresters held their courts, for the laughter was not all out of me. A bewildered woman brought me ham and eggs, and I leaned out of the mullioned window, and laughed between mouthfuls. I sat long above the beer and the perfect smoke that followed, till the light changed in the quiet street, and I began to think of the seven forty-five down, and all that world of the Arabian Nights I had quitted.

Descending, I passed a giant in moleskins who filled the low-ceiled tap-room. Many empty plates stood before him, and beyond them a fringe of the Framlyng-

hame Admiralty, to whom he was unfolding a wondrous tale of anarchy, of body-snatching, of bribery, and the Valley of the Shadow from the which he was but newly risen. And as he talked he ate, and as he ate he drank, for there was much room in him; and anon he paid royally, speaking of justice and the law, before whom all Englishmen are equal, and all foreigners and anarchists vermin and slime.

On my way to the station, he passed me with great strides, his head high among the low-flying bats, his feet firm on the packed road metal, his fists clinched, and his breath coming sharply. There was a beautiful smell in the air—the smell of white dust, bruised nettles and smoke, that brings tears to the throat of a man who sees his country but seldom—a smell like the echoes of the lost talk of lovers; the infinitely suggestive odor of an immemorial civilization. It was a perfect walk; and lingering on every step I came to the station just as the one porter lighted the last of a truck-load of lamps, and set them back in the lamp-room while he dealt tickets to four or five of the population who, not contented with their own peace, thought fit to travel. It was no ticket that the navvy seemed to need. He was sitting on the bench, wrathfully grinding a tumbler into fragments with his heel. I abode in obscurity at the end of the platform, interested as ever, thank Heaven, in my surroundings. There was a jar of wheels on the road. The navvy rose as they approached, strode through the wicket, and laid a hand upon a horse's bridle that brought the beast up on his hireling hind legs. It was the providential fly coming back, and for a moment I wondered whether the doctor had been mad enough to revisit his practice.

"Get away, you're drunk," said the driver.

"I'm not," said the navvy. "I've been waitin' 'ere hours and hours. Come out, you beggar inside there."

"Go on, driver," said a voice I did not know—a crisp, clear, English voice.

"All right," said the navvy. "You wouldn't 'ear me when I was polite. *Now* will you come?"

There was a chasm in the side of the fly, for he had wrenched the door bodily off its hinges, and was feeling within purposefully. A well-booted leg rewarded him, and there came out, not with delight, hopping on one foot, a round and gray-haired Englishman, from whose arm-pits dropped hymn-books, but from his mouth an altogether different service of song.

"Come on, you bloomin' body-snatcher. You thought I was dead, did you?" roared the navvy. And the respectable gentleman came accordingly, inarticulate with rage.

"'Ere's a man murderin' the Squire," the driver shouted, and fell from his box upon the navvy's neck.

To do them justice, the people of Framlynghame Admiral, so many as were on the platform, rallied to the call in the best spirit of feudalism. It was the one porter who beat the navvy on the nose with a ticket-punch, but it was the three third-class tickets who attached themselves to his legs and freed his captive.

"Send for a constable! lock him up!" said that man, adjusting his collar, and unitedly they cast him into the lamp-room and turned the key, while the driver mourned over the wrecked fly.

Till that moment the navvy, whose only desire was justice, had kept his temper nobly. Then he went Berserk before our amazed eyes. The door of the lamp-room was generously constructed, and would not give an inch, but the window he tore from its fastenings and hurled outwards. The one porter counted the damage in a loud voice, and the others, arming themselves with agricultural implements from the station garden, kept up a ceaseless winnowing before the window, themselves backed close to the wall, and bade the prisoner think of the jail. He answered little to the point, so far as they could understand; but, seeing that his exit was impeded, he took a lamp and hurled it through the wrecked sash. It fell on the metals and went out. With inconceivable velocity the others, fifteen in all, followed, looking like rockets in the gloom; and with the last (he could have had no plan) the Berserk rage left him as the doctor's deadly brewage waked up under the stimulus of violent exercise and a very full meal to one last cataclysmal exhibition, and we heard the whistle of the seven forty-five down.

They were all acutely interested in as much of the wreck as they could see, for the station smelt to heaven of oil, and the engine skittered over broken glass like a terrier in a cucumber-frame. The guard had to hear of it; and the Squire gave his version of the brutal assault, and heads were out all along the carriages as I found me a seat.

"What is the row?" said a young man as I entered. "Man drunk?"

"Well, the symptoms, so far as my ob-

servation has gone, more resemble those of Asiatic cholera than anything else," I answered, slowly and judiciously, that every word might carry weight in the appointed scheme of things. Up till then, you will observe, I had taken no part in that war.

He was an Englishman, but he collected his belongings as swiftly as had the American ages before, and leaped upon the platform crying: "Can I be of any service? I'm a doctor."

From the lamp-room I heard a wearied voice wailing: "Another bloomin' doctor!" and the seven forty-five carried me on, a step nearer to Eternity, by the road that is worn, and seamed, and channelled with the passions, and weaknesses, and warring interests of man who is immortal and master of his fate.

NAPOLEON'S RELATIONS WITH THE UNITED STATES.

By Ida M. Tarbell.

With engravings from the collection of the Hon. Gardiner G. Hubbard, and other pictures.

ON the 3d of November, 1799, the frigate "United States" sailed from Newport for Europe. On board were Oliver Ellsworth, Chief Justice of the United States, and William Richardson Davie, Governor of North Carolina. These gentlemen were going abroad to meet William Vans Murray, our minister to the Netherlands, and with him attempt to bring about an understanding with France.

Our relations with that country, while not those of open war, had been for a long time far too hostile for peace. Indignant at Jay's treaty of 1794, which declared "amity, commerce, and navigation" with Great Britain, the French Directory had for four or five years been systematically insulting and outraging us. Our ships were seized and searched for British goods and sailors; their crews were imprisoned, their cargoes sold as prizes. We were jeered at for bending the knee to our former tyrants; our ambassadors were treated with the greatest discourtesy, Mr. Pinckney being refused a card of hospitality and told to leave the country. When in 1797 President Adams sent a commission over, the Directory had actually tried to bribe them before agreeing to negotiate, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars being the pretty *douceur* Talleyrand asked before granting a hearing.

The commissioners had come home insulted, and the country, when it heard their story, had prepared for war, the President declaring he would "never send another minister to France without assurances that he would be received, respected, and honored as the representative of a great, free, powerful, and independent nation." But just as we were about ready for war, the Directory had become frightened and had tried to settle up the matter; and it was in response to their overtures that Messrs. Ellsworth and Davie set out on November 3.

They sailed with uncertain minds. They did not even feel sure that the French government would be there to greet them when they arrived. For some time rumors had been circulating that the Directory must soon fall, and there was much speculation going on in the States as to whether the Bourbons would not be returned. The American Secretary of State had told Mr. Davie, just before he sailed, that he must not be surprised if, on entering Paris, he heard cries of "*Vive le roi;*" or if, when he and his colleagues went to the Luxembourg to pay their respects, instead of finding five Directors, they were received by a king.

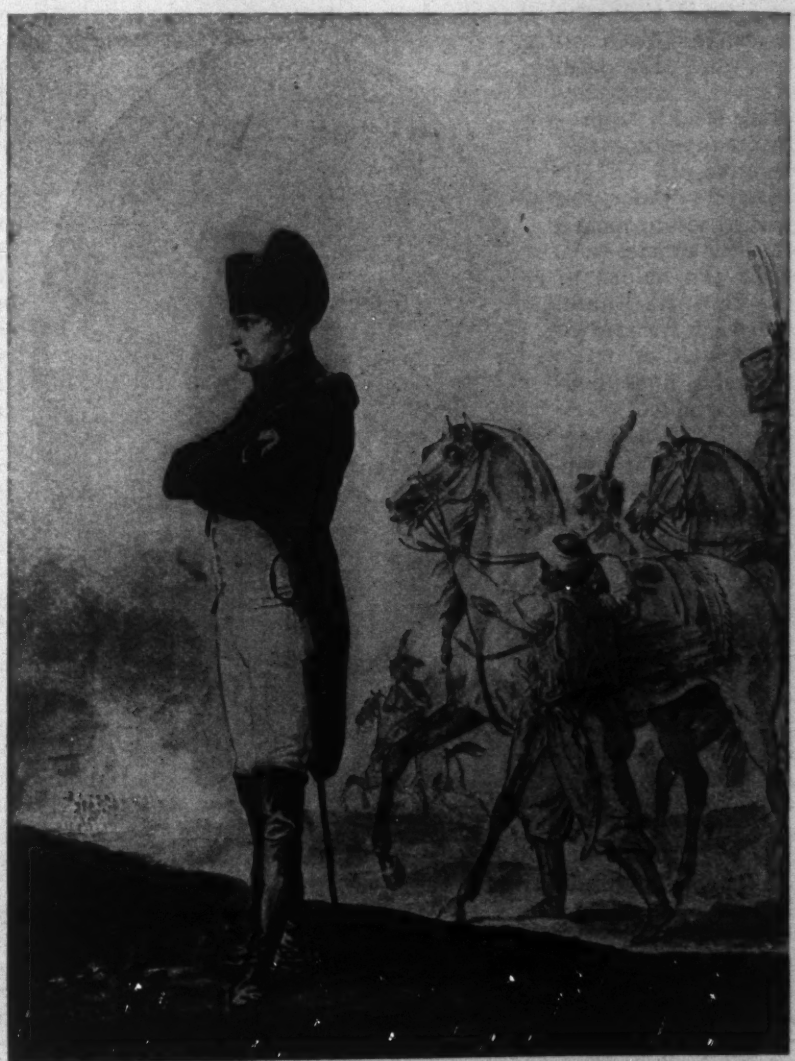
All their conjectures as to what they would find when they reached France, did not include any such changes as greeted them. Instead of a tottering and corrupt Directory, instead of a Bourbon king, they found an entirely new government, a new constitution, new institutions, a new spirit, and on everybody's lips a new name—Bonaparte. They found that this new government, instead of insulting the United States, was taking pains to honor it. For instance, their compatriots in Paris told them how, at the news of the death of Washington, which had reached France a month before, Bonaparte had put on mourning, and ordered his army to do the same; had draped the flags in black for ten days;

had arranged an imposing funeral service in the Champ de Mars, and had issued a proclamation in which he said:

"Washington is dead. This great man fought against tyranny. He consolidated the liberty of his country. His memory will be forever dear to the French people, as it is to all free men in both worlds, and especially to French soldiers, who fight for equality and liberty as he and the American soldiers did." *

The commissioners discovered, too, that the treatment accorded them by the new *régime* was in direct contrast to what their predecessors had received. They were taken to the Tuileries on March 30th, and, in the presence of a great body of dignitaries, presented to the new man of France. They were told that they had been eagerly expected, and that negotiators would be immediately appointed to meet with them. The promises made were kept, Joseph Bonaparte being put at the head of the French commissioners, and the entire spring and summer of 1800 being spent over the negotiations.

But the Americans soon discovered that Bonaparte's courteous greeting did not necessarily mean that he intended to yield to their demands. They had come over to ask France to satisfy the claims our citizens had against her for the wanton destruction of their property in time of peace, and to arrive at some kind of permanent arrangement about navigation and commerce. They found soon that Bonaparte would not consent to pay the claims, and that he was cold about making any definite convention. In the end they were forced to make a temporary agreement, which stopped the hostilities between the two countries, saved the American property then before the Council of Prizes, and which allowed free trade between the two countries.



NAPOLEON I.

From an unpublished water-color by Carle Vernet, in the collection of Monsieur Christophle, ex-minister of public works, and governor of the Credit-foncier of France. Vernet had frequent opportunities to see Napoleon, and is believed to have made this sketch from life, and then copied it in water colors into an imaginary composition. The picture will be reproduced in "McClure's Complete Life of Napoleon."

* At St. Helena, Napoleon, in describing these honors to Washington's memory, said that he intended them as a sign of his desire to be friendly with the United States.

COMPLETION OF THE TREATY OF MORTEFONTAINE.

Whatever chagrin the Americans may have felt at the termination of their negotiations, was compensated for largely by the magnificent way in which the signing of the treaty was celebrated. At Mortefontaine, Joseph Bonaparte's home, a *fête* was given to the commissioners, at which the First Consul himself was present. The dinner consisted of one hundred and eighty covers laid on three tables in three halls communicating with each other. The first was called the Hall of Union, the second and third bore the names of Washington and Franklin. All three were decorated with appropriate symbols and legends.

After dinner the first toast, proposed by Bonaparte, was, "To the manes of the French and Americans who died on the field of battle for the independence of the New World." Cambacérès, Second Consul, proposed the next toast: "To the successor of Washington." The next was by Third Consul Lebrun: "To the union of America with the powers of the North to enforce respect for the liberty of the seas."

After the dinner the party walked in the park, where the Prefect of Mortefontaine presented Bonaparte with a quantity of Roman coin found in the neighborhood. Bonaparte completed his efforts at propitiation by giving them to Mr. Davie, saying: "These Roman medals, sir, have just been found in France. Accept and carry them with you to America, so that the monuments of the Roman Republic may become pledges of amity and union between the republics of France and the United States."

After the *fête* of Mortefontaine the American commissioners could not complain. If their treatment by Bonaparte had been a little like Spanish hospitality—much table-cloth and little meat—they were inclined to excuse the latter because of the former, and to go home pretty well satisfied.

In the United States the effect was much the same as on the commissioners. The news of the elevation of Bonaparte had thrown the country into doubt about the future policy of France. So uncertain were Americans about how matters were going on, that in November, over a month after the treaty was signed, rumors were spread that a rupture had taken place, and that the envoys had left Paris.

After the long uncertainty and the rumors of failure, it was hardly to be expected that the country, as a whole, would not feel thankful for even a poor convention, attended by so much courtesy and so many fine toasts; or that the Senate would not, in spite of opposition, approve of the treaty, as it did in February, 1801. In ratifying the treaty one article was dropped, that deferring to some convenient future time the questions of what should be done with former treaties, and of satisfying the claims for indemnity made by citizens of the two nations. Bonaparte agreed conditionally to this omission, and finally in the place of the rejected article was inserted one to the effect that the convention was good for eight years.

ROBERT FULTON.

From an engraving, by G. Parker, of a painting by Benjamin West.

BONAPARTE'S COLONIZATION SCHEME.

The First Consul had reason to be proud of his victory, but he was far better satisfied with a convention made twenty-four hours later with Spain, and which, if he had not had the cleverness to keep it secret, would have effectually broken the agreement he had just made with the United States. This Spanish treaty gave him, in exchange for certain states of Italy, the whole of Louisiana, which, since 1763, had been in

Spanish possession, and which France had been trying to get back ever since she parted with it. All previous negotiations had failed; but now, in less than a year after he had been called to the head of affairs, Bonaparte had secured again the splendid colony which France had let go so easily, and had mourned so bitterly.

The two treaties of Mortefontaine and San Ildefonso, as they were called, were the first steps towards realizing one division of the great scheme which Bonaparte seems to have set for himself when he first came into power. That scheme may be divided roughly into three parts: (1) To bring about a general European peace. (2) To reëstablish the institutions of France, develop her industries, give her new laws. (3) To develop a great colonial system.

The first was not complete when the conventions of Mortefontaine and San Ildefonso were signed, but the treaties of Lunéville and Amiens soon perfected it. The second was already so evidently his purpose, that almost every letter from France to the United States at this time speaks in amazement of the work of reorganization which was going on. The advance he had made in the third we have already seen; he had quieted the United States without sacrificing anything, and he had obtained as a beginning for his colonies a vast territory including one of the most important rivers on the globe. It was a fine beginning. He spread his great maps of the world on the floor, and, kneeling beside them, red pencil in hand, marked the points necessary to his plan. Louisiana was his, and in two years or less he would take possession of it. San Domingo France already held, but it was a feeble colony. He would make it strong, and he ordered ships and men and batteries to be sent there. Malta the English must give him. He would get a hold in India somehow. Egypt must be secured. Then, there was Constantinople. With that he would be master of the world. It was a thing to remember. He even asked information about the possibility of securing St. Helena as a supply station. England should no longer be the only nation on which the sun never set.

ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON.

From an engraving in Irving's "Life of Washington" (G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers, New York), after a painting by W. Pate.

THE RETROCESSION OF LOUISIANA.

The news of the retrocession of Louisiana did not reach the United States until the spring of 1802. About the same time it was learned that Bonaparte was fortifying San Domingo in a suspicious fashion. It was rumored, too, that he meant to put a great army in New Orleans. When, in the same year, the Spanish authorities gave out the order that New Orleans could be no longer used as a port of entry, the whole West rose in revolt. They would not renounce their rights to the Mississippi as a highway, nor to its mouth as a port of entry. They would go to war to preserve it. They would secede if the Federal government did not support their claim.

Even peaceful Jefferson agreed that war was inevitable if France did not resign New Orleans or insure the West commercial freedom on the Mississippi and in the Gulf, and he wrote to Dupont de Nemours, then in the United States and about to return to France:

"Impress on the government of France the inevitable consequences of their taking possession of Louisiana; and though, as I here mention, the cession of New Orleans and the Floridas to us would be a palliation, yet I believe it would be no more, and that this measure will cost France, and perhaps not very long hence, a war which will annihilate her on the ocean, and place that element under the despotism of two nations, which I am not reconciled to, the more because my own would be one of them."

To Livingston, then our ambassador in Paris, he wrote:

"There is one spot on the globe, the possessor of which is our natural enemy. That spot is New Or-

leans. France, placing herself in that door, assumes to us the attitude of defiance. From that moment we must marry ourselves to the British fleet and nation."

Livingston did his best. He besieged Talleyrand day and night, threatening him, on one hand, to go over to Great Britain if he did not give up New Orleans; begging him, on the other, to sell enough of the territory to insure Western commerce. But while Livingstone and Jefferson and Madison fretted and urged, Bonaparte went on imperturbably with plans which, if they had been known fully to the United States, would have made the country more anxious than ever. Early in 1801, before he had received from Spain the letters transferring the territory, he had sent out secretly an agent to find the exact condition of affairs in the new colony. The next year, 1802, in July, he demanded from Spain the letters which would enable his envoy to enter into possession of Louisiana, and the next month he ordered out an expedition made of five battalions of infantry, two companies of artillery, sixteen pieces of cannon, three thousand guns, a general of division, three generals of brigade. They were to start the first decade of Vendémiaire, that is, within ten days after the 22d of September.

At the same time he began to calculate on uniting the Floridas to what he had already secured. Since 1783 Spain had been in possession of them, and he believed that he could obtain them, as he had Louisiana, in exchange for more Italian territory, of which he had to spare, and he began to besiege the King of Spain in regard to the bargain.

By the end of 1802 Bonaparte had matters so arranged that he was able to order an envoy to proceed to the United States to inform the government of the treaty between Spain and France, and to tell them the new owner was taking possession of Louisiana. This *chargé d'affaires* was ordered to neglect nothing which would maintain good order and cement friendship between the two countries, and he added:

"I need not tell you with what impatience the government will wait for news, in order to know what pretensions the United States makes, and what are its usurpations on the Spaniards. It is useless to form any ideas of what the government will do, until you have reported on the condition of things. Every time that you see that the United States raises pretensions, answer that no one has any idea of that in Paris, but that you have written, and that you await orders."

This letter was written on December 16, 1802. Before it was sent, news so disastrous to his colonization scheme reached him that he was obliged to add a postscript, ordering to San Domingo nearly the whole force he had intended for Louisiana. General Leclerc, his brother-in-law, commander of the expedition to the island, had just died, and a frightful disorder was going on there.

He regarded these disasters as only temporary, however, and held off Livingstone as he had been doing for months. Livingstone was in despair. So was Jefferson at home, and the latter summoned Monroe to go to France and try to get some guarantees that the mouth of the Mississippi would be saved to the West.

BONAPARTE SELLS LOUISIANA.

Before Monroe could reach Paris, however, something happened which changed Bonaparte's plans more effectually than anything the United States could have said or done. It became evident that the general European peace would soon be broken, and that France and England were going to war. Now Bonaparte's colonization scheme depended on European peace. He was not strong enough yet to defend remote colonies and at the same time carry on war on the continent. Yet here he was with a vast and far-away territory on his hands and the mouth of a great river to defend.

With the incredible fertility of resource, the disdain of formal conventions, the contempt for anything like consistency, which characterized him, the First Consul resolved to *sell* his great possession. True, he had expressly agreed with Spain that he would never alienate the colony, but he seems never to have considered that article of the treaty. It was a quick way of relieving himself of what was going to be a burden, and of defeating the expedition he was sure the English were preparing against the colony. On April 10, 1803, he called two of his counsellors to him and asked their opinion about the sale:

"I know the full value of Louisiana [he said], and I have been anxious to repair the fault of the French negotiator who abandoned it in 1763. A few lines of a treaty have restored it to me, and I have scarcely recovered it when I must expect to lose it. But if it escapes from me, it shall one day cost dearer to those who oblige me to strip myself of it than to those to whom I wish to deliver it. The English have successively taken from France, Canada, Cape Breton, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, and the richest portions of Asia. They are now engaged in exciting troubles in San Domingo. They shall not have the Mississippi, which they covet. Louisiana is nothing in comparison with their conquests in all parts of the

globe, and yet the jealousy they feel at the restoration of this colony to the sovereignty of France acquaints me with their wish to take possession of it, and it is thus that they will begin the war. They have twenty ships of war in the Gulf of Mexico; they sail over those seas as sovereigns, whilst our affairs in San Domingo have been growing worse every day since the death of Leclerc. The conquest of Louisiana would be easy if they only took the trouble to make a descent there. I have not a moment to lose in putting it out of their reach. They may be already there, for all I know. It is their usual course, and if I had been in their place I would not have waited. I wish, if there is still time, to take from them any idea they may have of ever possessing that colony."

When Monroe arrived on April 12th, Livingstone had an amazing proposition to set before him. Bonaparte wanted to sell Louisiana. Whatever opposition Bonaparte's ministers had made he had silenced; the Chambers he had not even consulted. The only serious hinderance he seems to have encountered, was in his own family,

NAPOLEON IN 1815.

From a painting by Horace Vernet.

with his brothers Lucien and Joseph. Lucien had secured Louisiana for France in 1800, by the treaty of San Ildefonso, and was proud of his work. He had won rank as a diplomat from the affair, as well as an enormous fortune; and when Joseph came to him, telling him the General was going to sell the recent acquisition, he was angry.

The two brothers hurried to Bonaparte to remonstrate. They found him in his bath; but, in the fashion of the day, he received them, and at once introduced the subject.

"Has Joseph told you I am going to sell Louisiana?" he asked of Lucien.

MAP SHOWING THE INCREASE OF THE UNITED STATES BY THE TREATY OF 1803.

This map follows that published in 1829 in Barbé Marbois's "History of Louisiana." According to the old French maps, Louisiana extended only to the one hundred and tenth meridian, but the United States occupied all of the territory included in the heavy lines, in consequence of the treaty of cession.

"Yes," answered Lucien; "but I flatter myself that the Chambers will not give their consent."

"So do I, as I have told you," put in Joseph.

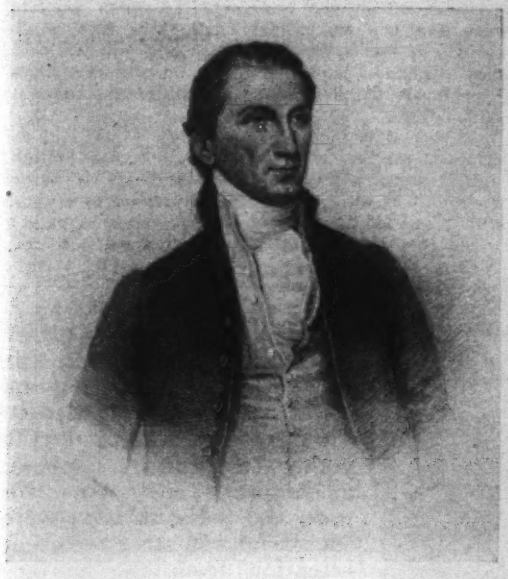
This opposition fired Bonaparte, who promptly assured them that, if he wished, he would sell Louisiana without the consent of any one whomsoever.

The debate grew warmer. Joseph rushed to the tub where his brother was submerged in opaque water, and declared if he dared attempt such a thing he would himself mount the tribune in opposition. Bonaparte, furious, sprang up, exclaiming, "You are insolent! I ought"—but slipped and fell, deluging Joseph in perfumed water, and breaking up the quarrel.

An hour later Bonaparte and Lucien resumed the conversation in the former's study. Lucien contended the sale was unconstitutional. Bonaparte taunted him with the term, told him that he had less respect for the constitution on the 18th Brumaire. Lucien, incensed, informed the General that if he were not his brother he would be his enemy; and Bonaparte, excited, dashed his snuff-box to the floor, exclaiming, "You my enemy! I would break you as I do this box!"

These scenes were repeated more than once before the negotiations were finished, but they seem not to have caused any hesitation on Bonaparte's side, for, in spite of all opposition, the transfer was finally completed, and Louisiana was ours, the price being sixty million francs, we to assume, in addition, the spoliation claims of our citizens against France up to the amount of twenty million francs. Bonaparte was rejoiced. It was an admirable war measure, and he told one of his counsellors in glee, "I have given England a maritime rival that sooner or later will humble her power."

The treaty was concluded on April 10,



JAMES MONROE.

From an engraving in Irving's "Life of Washington" (G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers, New York), after a painting by W. Pate.

1803, but not signed until four days later. The news did not reach the United States until July 4, 1803. The "National Intelligencer" of that morning announced it in a paragraph double-leaded and bristling with capitals. All over the country it was made a subject for Fourth of July toasts and cheers.

At one banquet in Washington the sixteenth toast drunk was:

"Our Western brethren. May the recent convention with France, which secures to them the free navigation of the Mississippi without appealing to arms, convince them of the solicitude and attention of the general government."

At another banquet in the same city the seventh toast was:

"The news of the day. May the cession of Louisiana be the guarantee of permanent peace to America. Nine cheers."

The eighth ran:

"The people of Louisiana. May their metamorphosis from subjects to citizens be the omen of happiness and freedom to themselves. Three cheers."

In New York, at the Tammany Society, the seventeenth toast was:

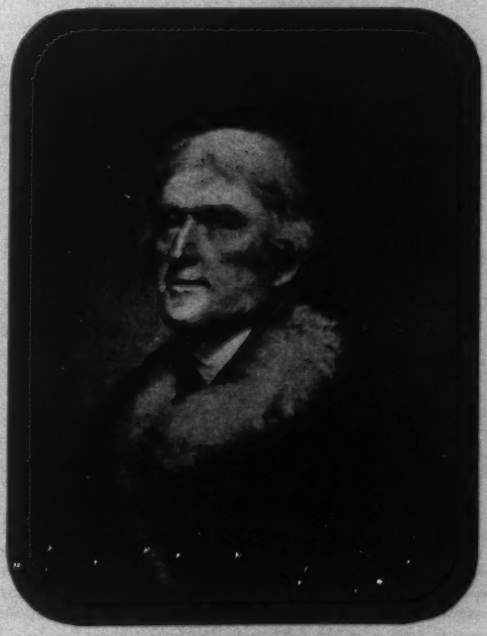
"Louisiana. The more valuable ceded to us by bloodless negotiation than obtained by the carnage of war."

In spite of the groans of New England Federalists, who threatened to secede because of the preponderance of power given to the West by the purchase; in spite of their prophecies of bankruptcy if we took such a debt on us, and of their jeers at our "mountain of salt," as they called the new territory, the country at large felt that we had made a bargain.

NAPOLEON AND ROBERT FULTON.

On May 17, 1803, the French and English ambassadors left their posts. War was declared between the two countries. Bonaparte's colonization scheme must wait until England was defeated. Henceforth nothing interested him which would not aid in securing that result, but everything which promised to further in any way the great task before him he listened to. It was in pursuance of this policy that he encouraged at this time one of our most talented citizens, Robert Fulton.

Fulton was living in Paris with Joel Barlow at the time that Bonaparte became First Consul. At that moment the young inventor was experimenting with his diving boat and submarine torpedo. The idea interested Bonaparte, and he asked Monge, Volney, and Laplace to examine the invention, and he ordered ten thousand francs to be given Fulton to carry on his work. It was with this money that Fulton made the experiments at Brest, where he amazed naval authorities by trav-



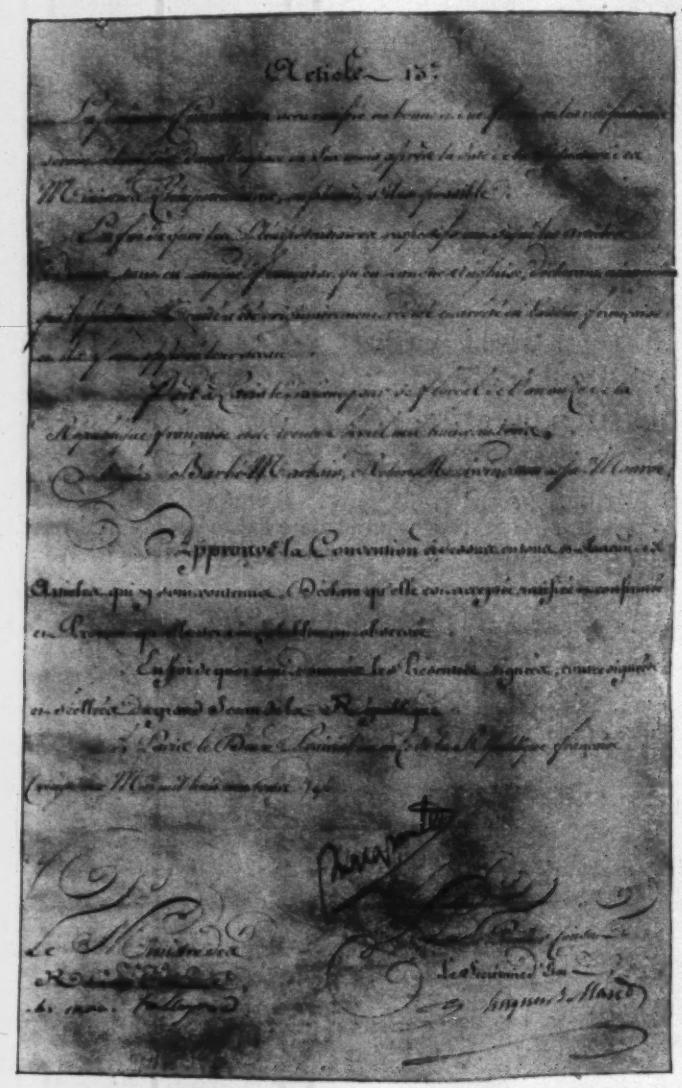
THOMAS JEFFERSON.

From a painting by Rembrandt Peale, 1803.

elling about under the water, and coming up at unexpected points. Nothing more was done about the invention, however, until in 1803, when preparing for his invasion of England, Bonaparte again turned his attention to the submarine torpedo. Fulton promised him a machine which would "overturn the whole system of military navies and set commerce free." The emperor wrote to one of his counsellors:

"I have just read the project of Citizen Fulton, engineer, which you have sent me much too late, since it is one which may change the face of the world. Be that as it may, I desire that you 'immediately' confide its examination to a commission of members chosen by you among the different classes of the Institute.

"There it is that learned Europe would seek for judges to resolve the question under consideration. A great truth, a physical, palpable truth, is before my eyes. It will be for these gentlemen to try and seize it and see it. As soon as their report is made it will be sent to you, and you will forward it to me. Try and let the whole be determined within eight days, as I am impatient."



FACSIMILE OF SIGNATURES TO THE LOUISIANA TREATY.

The Louisiana treaty was in three divisions or conventions: first, the convention ceding Louisiana to the United States; second, the convention fixing the price, sixty million francs ($12,000,000); and, third, the convention binding the United States to payment of the French spoliation claims up to twenty million francs. Each of the three conventions was signed separately by Bonaparte, Talleyrand, and Maret. The above is the last page of the third convention, by which we assumed the French spoliation claims.

Bonaparte never reaped any practical advantage from the submarine torpedo, and he could never be persuaded to show the same interest in the young American's steamboat, although the experiments with it on the Seine in 1803 were successful, and attracted great attention from the military and scientific men of France.

Pasquier and Marmont both blame Bonaparte for his lukewarmness in regard to the steamboat. They considered it a greater weapon against England than the diving-boat and submarine torpedo.

THE BERLIN DECREE.

After the beginning of the war with England in 1803, the United States was interesting to Bonaparte only in so far as she could help him against his enemy. Our relations with England on the sea were of a nature to make Bonaparte think that we ought to be glad to join him in a crusade against her. The tyranny Great Britain exercised on the sea was, in fact, so intolerable that Jefferson declared, in 1805, that we would not suffer more if we were at war with her, and matters were constantly growing worse.

From the beginning of his rule Bonaparte had declared that England must respect neutral rights. When he made the treaty of Lunéville he had instructed Joseph, his ambassador there, not to treat unless England recognized the freedom of the seas. At the same

time he had instructed Talleyrand to draw him up a memorial which should say that the French government had resolved to end the English monopoly of the ocean, and that it was ready to unite with other neutral powers in forcing respect for their positions. When he sold Louisiana he had reiterated the principle, "Without the liberty of the seas there is no happiness for the world." Now that he is at war he determines to use this principle as a rallying cry. By it he hopes to awaken the indignation of nations who suffer, and to force them to unite with him.

The first war measure which grew out of this determination, was the famous Berlin Decree, issued on November 21, 1806. It was a retaliatory measure—an attempt to fight England with her own weapon—to shut her from the land as she shut others from the sea. No English product could be received in France, nor in the country of an ally; no Englishman could reside there; English property should be confiscated; English contraband burned. No communication was allowed with her.

It seemed at first that Bonaparte could not find a reason for asking the United States to join him in his crusade. But it was soon evident that he meant we should resist English pretensions or suffer as much from France as we did from Great Britain. In fact, he confiscated our cargoes and imprisoned our citizens just as she was doing. In September, 1807, the minister of the United States demanded that fifty or sixty Americans taken on English ships and placed in French prisons should be released. Napoleon replied that if the demand was made as a right, it could not be granted; but if as a favor to the President, he accorded it. Our consul at Geneva was ordered home because he had accepted a cross of Malta from the English. When Mr. Armstrong complained because our vessels were searched by the French, the emperor told him:

"Since America suffers her vessels to be searched, she adopts the principle that the flag does not cover the goods. Since she recognizes the absurd blockades laid by England, consents to having her vessels incessantly stopped, sent to England, and so turned aside from their course, why should the Americans not suffer the blockade laid by France? Certainly France is no more blockaded by England than England by France. Why should Americans not equally suffer their vessels to be searched by French ships?"

Not that Napoleon approved of the course he had adopted. On the contrary, he said again and again that he considered the measures adopted in the Berlin and

PORTFOLIOS CONTAINING THE LOUISIANA TREATY, WITH THE SEALS OF STATE ATTACHED.

The three parts or conventions of the treaty are written in French, on parchment, and each is bound in a purple velvet portfolio elaborately decorated with gold embroidery. The centre of the front cover of each bears the initials P. F. (*Peuple Français*—French people). To each portfolio is attached a large red seal on which are stamped a figure wearing a liberty cap and bearing a pike, to symbolize France, and the legend *Au nom du peuple français, Bonaparte 1er Consul.* The seals are inclosed in brass boxes about five inches in diameter, engraved with a seated figure representing France, and with the inscription, *Au nom du peuple français, Bonaparte 1er Consul de la République.* The seals are attached to the portfolios by heavy cords of purple silk and gold threads. The treaty is deposited in the State Department at Washington. It was through the courtesy of Assistant Secretary of State Uhl that permission was obtained to photograph the portfolios and the signatures for the present reproduction.

Milan Decrees "unjust, illegal, and subversive of national sovereignty." He declared that he would consider them "an attack on the independence of neutrals and on eternal justice, if they were not the necessary consequences of the acts of the English government." To Mr. Armstrong he said: "The English Orders in Council of 1807, are a proclamation of universal sovereignty which all peoples who have not renounced their independence must combat by every means. It would be to give up all independence, to consent that England should reign on the ocean as she reigns on the Thames, and to submit to the jurisdiction of her parliament by paying the duty which she wants to put on every object of consumption on the globe."

In a letter to Armstrong, written in 1809 from Schönbrunn, he outlined his position:

"The seas belong to all nations. Any vessel, sailing under whatsoever flag, recognized and avowed by her, should be as much at home in the midst of the seas as if she were in her own ports. The flag floating from the mast of a merchant vessel should be respected as much as if it floated from the top of a village spire.

"In case of war between two maritime powers, neutrals should follow the legislation of neither one. Every vessel should be protected by its flag. Every power which violates a flag, declares war against the power to which it belongs. To insult a merchant vessel which carries the flag of a power, is the same thing as invading a town or colony belonging to that power. His Majesty declares that he considers the fleets of nations as floating colonies belonging to those nations. In consequence of this principle, the sovereignty and independence of a nation is a property of its neighbors. If a French citizen was insulted in an American port or colony, the government of the United States would not deny that it was responsible for it. In the same way the government of the United States must be responsible for the violation of French property on board of a ship or floating American colony; otherwise, this government not being able to guarantee the integrity of its rights and the independence of its flag, his Majesty considers the American vessels which have been violated by visits, by taxes, and other arbitrary acts, as no longer belonging to the United States, and as denationalized.

"But whenever the government of the United States shall order its vessels armed to repulse the unjust aggressions of England, to sustain its rights, against the refusal of this power to recognize the great principle that the flag covers the ship, and against its unjust pretension of searching neutral vessels, his Majesty is willing to recognize them and treat them as neutrals."

It was evident that Napoleon intended that we should suffer the same indignities from France as we did from England until such times as we aroused from our lethargy and joined him in resistance.

THE EMBARGO ACT.

The United States was in a harassing position. The British Orders forbade neutrals from trading with France and her colonies; the French decrees forbade them trading with the English. There was no place on the seas for American ships, and Jefferson concluded we better remain at home. On December 22, 1807, Congress passed the embargo act. The act pleased Napoleon. "The United States prefers giving up commerce and the seas rather than to recognize the slavery of it," he said; and ostensibly to aid in carrying out the embargo, he began to seize every American ship he found in foreign waters. There were, of course, many of our vessels afloat when the embargo act was passed, and they knew nothing of the new rule. Scores of others had slipped from port the instant that their captains heard the rumor of the new regulations. Upon these the French pounced wherever they found them, and Napoleon reiterated his orders to his lieutenant in Portugal, in Holland, in Trieste, to the Minister of the Marine, to seize American ships. It was immaterial if they did float the American flag, he said; an embargo had been placed, and the American flag now meant simply that an English boat was using the flag of the United States in hope of escaping. This was his way of aiding us in enforcing our embargo. It was, in reality, only another way of showing us that the only escape from French violations was war with England. At the same time he tempted the United States still further to war by holding out as a bait the Floridas, which we wanted very much, and had been trying for some time to get.

"Tell the American minister [he wrote, on February 2, 1808], that should war be declared between America and England, and should they, in consequence of this war, send troops into Florida to aid the Spaniards and repulse the English, I shall be well satisfied. Make them understand that in case America wishes to sign an alliance with me and make common cause, I shall use my influence with the court of Spain to obtain the cession of the Floridas in favor of the Americans."

AN AGREEMENT WITH NAPOLEON.

When the United States found the embargo act was a failure, she declared, on March 1, 1809, that in the future we should have no commercial relations whatever with either France or England. When

NAPOLEON IN 1815.

From a painting by Eastlake. In 1815, while Eastlake was employed painting portraits in his native town of Plymouth, England, Napoleon arrived there on board the "Bellerophon," and the young artist took advantage of every glimpse he could obtain of the ex-emperor to make studies of him. It is from these studies, presumably, that the above portrait was composed.

Napoleon found this out he retaliated, and told Mr. Armstrong, who had complained, that he was privileged to do in France what the Americans did in America; that since the Americans put an embargo on French vessels entering their ports, he ordered the same done in his territory.

On May 1, 1810, the American Congress changed its mind again, and offered to ally itself with either nation which would suspend its decrees in favor of the United States. Napoleon took advantage of the offer, and declared that from November 1, 1810, the decrees of Berlin and Milan were

suspended as far as the United States was concerned.

It would be curious to know just how much influence a bit of gossip which was going over Europe then had on the good-will which Napoleon showed us at this time. Burr's conspiracy had failed in 1807, and he was in Europe, still plotting, it was said. One day, in 1810, the French chief of police came to tell Napoleon it was rumored that the French government, through Burr, had asked England to join in an expedition against the United States. The country was to be seized and divided, the French taking the south, the English the north. Napoleon was really disturbed by the report. "Find out all you can about it," he wrote. "It is frightful to think that I might be compromised by so absurd a thing."

Certainly from this time on he took pains frequently to declare his respect for the United States, always on condition, of course, that she insisted on the independence of her flag; and he hinted frequently that he would give her no trouble if she chose to take possession of Florida.

On March 2, 1811, Congress passed the order promised. The restriction against trade with France was removed, but repeated against England. But at the same time the president doubted Napoleon's real intentions. He saw that many irritations were liable to arise between the two countries, and that our commerce would suffer severely if we did not have a new and complete treaty. In order to arrange this, Joel Barlow was sent abroad. Poor Barlow was happy in his beautiful home of Kalorama, and he undertook the voyage with regret and dread. There was no reason to suspect that he would not be well received. Napoleon was, in fact, doing everything he could to reassure the United States; he had even proposed a line of packet-boats between the two countries, running every week or fortnight, and sailing under the Stars and Stripes, though supported by both nations. Barlow was sure of a welcome in France; but yet he was haunted by a foreboding that no good would come of his trip. When he arrived in Paris, on September 19, 1811, he found a condition of affairs most irritating for prompt work on the treaty. Napoleon had that day set out for Belgium to look after the Grand Army he was preparing to invade Russia.

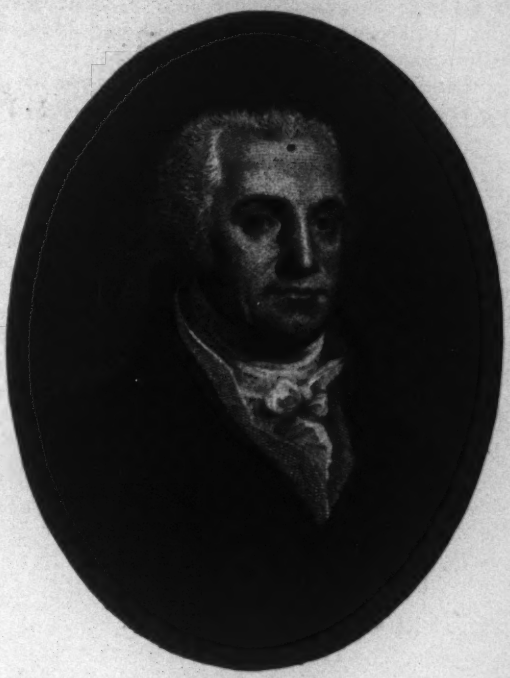
For a year negotiations went on, Barlow pushing his claims as well as he could, but with Napoleon across Europe, and engaged in a death struggle with his enemies, the American treaty had small chance of speedy settlement. Finally, in October, 1812, while the French were still in Moscow, a letter came to Barlow, telling him that if he would come to Wilna the treaty should be signed. On October 26th, just a week after Napoleon and his broken army had left Moscow, Barlow started across Europe. In three weeks he was at Wilna. When he arrived, however, he found that Napoleon was not there; worse still, that there was no definite news of the French, only rumors more or less sinister. Finally, on December 4th, a courier dashed into Wilna. The French were flying; thousands were frozen, slaughtered, drowned; Napoleon was hurrying alone to Paris. On the 5th Barlow left Wilna, and none too soon, for the Cossacks were on the town. The man he had crossed Europe to meet, passed him a few days later, attended by only a handful of guards, flying day and night towards France.

Barlow followed as best he could, but his disappointment and forebodings had weakened his courage, and, besides, he was suffering from the cold and deprivations of the journey. Near Cracow he was obliged to stop, so ill was he, and there, on December 24th, he died.

The hope of any definite understanding with Napoleon was at an end for the moment, and in the meantime we had gone to war with England—a war which gave Napoleon joy in his distress. He accepted it as a kind of vindication of his policy by the United States. When in February, 1813, he addressed the legislative corps at its opening in a remarkable speech, in which he summed up the glories of the Russian campaign, and called on his people for a new army with which to repair the mischief the cold and Cossacks had done him, he named as one of the elements of hopefulness in the general situation our war with England.

"America has had recourse to arms in order to make the sovereignty of her flag respected [he said]. The good wishes of the world accompany her in this glorious struggle. If she ends it by obliging the enemies of the Continent to recognize the principle that the flag covers the cargo and the ship, and that neutrals must not submit to a paper blockade, all conforming to the stipulations of the treaty of Utrecht, she will merit well of all people. Posterity will say that the Old World having lost its rights, the New one has reconquered them."

It is the last official word which appears on the United States in all the vast printed correspondence of the emperor.



JOEL BARLOW.

From an engraving of a painting by Robert Fulton.

THE UNITED STATES AS A RENDEZVOUS FOR THE BONAPARTES.

It was over two years before Napoleon again turned towards the United States. He had fought his last battle, and England had won. He was at Malmaison, his second abdication signed, the French government ordering him from her boundaries. In his disaster he turned to America as a refuge, and gave his family rendezvous there.

Various plans were suggested for getting to the United States, but none of them succeeded. Among the offers of aid to carry out his desire which were made to Napoleon, Las Cases speaks of one coming from an American in Paris, who wrote him: "While you were at the head of a nation you could perform any miracle, you might conceive any hopes; but now you can do nothing more in Europe. Fly to the United States! I know the hearts of the leading men and the sentiments of the people of America. You will there find a second country and every source of consolation."

Mr. S. V. S. Wilder, a shipping merchant, who lived in France during the time of Napoleon's power, and who had been much impressed by the changes brought about in society and politics under Napoleon's rule, offered, after his second abdication, to help him to escape, Latour Maubourg being the one through whom he sent his plans. Mr. Wilder proposed that Napoleon disguise himself as a valet for whom he had a passport. On board the ship the emperor was to conceal himself in a hogshead. This hogshead was to have a false compartment in it. From the end in view, water was to drip incessantly until the danger-line was crossed. When they arrived in America, Mr. Wilder proposed to take Napoleon to his own home in Bolton, Massachusetts. It is said that Napoleon seriously considered this scheme, but finally declined, because he would leave his friends behind him, and for them Mr. Wilder could not possibly provide.

Napoleon's desire to escape to America he explained fully one day to Las Cases at St. Helena, after reading in a newspaper that Joseph Bonaparte had made extensive purchases of land on the River St. Lawrence, and that a large number of French families had grouped round him. "If they do their duty," said Napoleon, "they will transmit from their colony excellent writings, victorious refutations of the system which now prevails in Europe."

The emperor went on to explain that if he had reached America he intended to have collected all his relatives around him. Such were the sums of money he had given them, that he thought they might have realized at least forty millions of francs. This point would have become the nucleus of a second France. Before the conclusion of a year, the events of Europe would have collected around him a hundred millions of francs and sixty thousand individuals, most of them possessing wealth, talent, and information.

"America," he said, "is, in all respects, our proper asylum. It is an immense continent, possessing the advantage of a peculiar system of freedom. If a man is troubled with melancholy, he may get into a coach and drive a thousand leagues, enjoying all the way the pleasures of a common traveller. In America you may be on a footing of equality with everyone; you may, if you please, mingle with the crowd without inconvenience, retaining your own manners, your own language, your own religion."

But all this was speculation. With America, as with Europe, he was done, and the one as the other was closed to him forever.

BEFORE GRANT WON HIS STARS.

By E. J. Edwards.

WE know, with a good deal of detail, the story of Grant's successes from the time of Belmont to the day when he delivered over the White House to his successor. But the part of his career contained in the months just prior to the outbreak of the Civil War and the weeks just after, or until he received his colonelcy, is so little known that all that can be said of it by almost anyone, is that it was a period of trial, of hard luck, and, at times, almost of despair. It is possible now, however, to give something like a detailed narrative of that time, because one who was near Grant in Galena, who saw him in the leather store many times, who went with him to a meeting called by the citizens of Galena in answer to Lincoln's first call for troops, who had him as a companion from Galena to the Illinois capital, and as a room-mate in Springfield while Grant was there struggling desperately to gain an entrance into the service, is now living, and can recall those days with vividness. He is Brevet Major-General A. L. Chetlain, now residing in Chicago, and known to every member of the Loyal Legion both as a fearless fighter in many battles, and as the man who was the intimate of Grant in the days when Grant had few intimates. General Chetlain's ability to speak accurately of Grant in those early times, is indorsed by Colonel Fred D. Grant, who said in answer to a question, "Oh, yes, I know General Chetlain very well, and he was the intimate and faithful friend of my father in the early days of the war."

It is from General Chetlain, in the main, that this narrative has been obtained, although his precise language is not followed, and although some of the incidents narrated were collected from other sources of information. With this understanding, the story will be told as an historic narrative whose accuracy can be vouched for by a living witness. In a few particulars it differs from General Grant's own account of the same period. But General Chetlain has been at pains to assure himself that his own recollection is right.

Captain Grant went to Galena to serve his father as a clerk in the leather and hardware store of J. R. Grant & Company. He gladly accepted that employment a year or two before the outbreak of the war. He received at first forty dollars a month, but his pay was afterward raised to seventy-five. He rented a little cottage, still standing, and paid twelve dollars a month rent. This left a sum upon which he could support his family only by the closest economy.

A CLERK WHO WOULD RATHER TALK THAN TRADE.

As Grant had been a captain in the regular army, and had seen service in the Mexican war, the people of Galena for a little while looked upon him as a young man who had had something of a career. He acquired a local distinction, however, not due to his military experience, but, strange to say, to his loquacity. The subsequent silent man of the war was perhaps the most continuous and rapid talker of all the clerks in the town, which would seem to show that the taciturnity of Grant in the field, like that of Sherman in the Treasury Department, was assumed, because it was found to be a necessity.

Upon stormy days, or at other times when customers were few and idle moments plenty, the young men used to gather in the Grant store, where they found Captain Grant, very ready for a chat. He wore in the winter months a blue army overcoat that had seen much faithful service, for it was a relic of the Mexican war, and very vivid is the recollection of General Chetlain of that coat, of a soft and rather rusty black felt hat, and of a stream of interesting comment and reminiscence. His talk, however, was never frivolous, and never coarse. It was marked always by strong common sense. Captain Grant talked with great freedom about the political situation, expressing very frank opinions of the public men of the day, and now and then setting forth his reasons for believing that the country was drifting into trouble. He would frequently sit and talk all day, sometimes forgetting that the dinner hour had come until he was reminded of it.

Thus Grant came to be known in Galena as a clerk who had no special fondness

for the counter or for leather, but who would rather sit and chat than sell goods or take in money.

When Lincoln's call for seventy-five thousand volunteers was published, and with it the report that Fort Sumter had been fired upon, a public meeting was held in Galena of which the mayor of the city was made chairman. He was not a very enthusiastic Union man, and made a weak, apologetic, timid speech. Under the effect of his remarks the meeting adjourned without decisive action. Most of the people present were filled with indignation, and another meeting was called for a day or two later.

When the public-spirited citizens were asking themselves what man among them ought to be asked to preside at this second meeting, some one said, "Why not ask Captain Grant?" The suggestion was thought a happy one, and Augustus Chetlain and one or two others called upon Captain Grant at the leather store. As nearly as can be remembered this conversation took place:

"Captain, we are going to have another public meeting to-night, and we don't propose to have a half-hearted man preside over it. We all feel that you are the man to call the meeting to order and to state its object."

GENERAL GRANT IN THE AUTUMN OF 1861.

From a photograph loaned by Colonel Frederick D. Grant.

"What, I?" said the young captain in surprise. "Oh, no; you had better get somebody else. I never made a speech in my life, and I don't believe I could."

"Oh, but you're not asked to make a speech. Just call the meeting to order, and state in the plainest way that Galena is sure to do its part in furnishing the volunteers Lincoln asks for, and that an opportunity will be given for enrollment as soon as the meeting adjourns."

Captain Grant talked rapidly and with

great earnestness of the necessity for raising troops at once, and of the way in which it could be done, until at last some one said to him, "Why, Captain, if you will only talk to the meeting as you talk to us, they will say that you have made a pretty good speech."

But only after it was suggested to him that the chief reason why he was asked to preside, was that he had served in the Mexican war as a captain in the regular army, did he at last consent.

GRANT AS CHAIRMAN OF A WAR MEETING.

Captain Grant came upon the platform at the appointed hour in a shy, hesitating way, and took a chair, which was pointed out to him, behind the table. A number of the more prominent citizens sat near him. At the proper moment he arose, and in a clear enough voice, but with a manner which plainly revealed embarrassment, he said something like this: "This meeting has been called for the purpose of taking action upon the President's call for volunteers. We in Galena must do our part. We ought to be able to organize a company right away. It is a time for the highest patriotism, for the Government is in peril, and it must be sustained."

When he had finished, he sat down, and seemed glad that his part was ended. Others made ringing speeches, after which an opportunity for enrollment was offered. The first man to step up and put his name to the paper was Augustus L. Chetlain, Grant's friend. He looked up after he had signed his name, and saw Grant smiling upon him, and by a common impulse each extended a hand to the other. Enlistments followed rapidly.

The next day it was determined to send a committee to a little town some twelve miles from Galena, that a public meeting might be held there and an opportunity given for the enlistment of volunteers. Grant was invited to be one of this committee. He accepted, and he seemed pleased when he was told that a young lawyer of Galena named John A. Rawlins would accompany him, though the two were at this time not much known to each other personally. Rawlins, energetic and studious, was thought to have a successful career before him at the bar, and had gained the highest respect in that community. His path and Grant's till that night had lain quite apart; but that night their paths were merged in a manner that the men themselves little dreamed of as they started out upon a twelve-mile drive over the muddy roads.

GRANT SUFFERS AN INTERRUPTION IN A WAR SPEECH.

When they reached the village, they were conducted to the schoolhouse, which was the only public hall. As they entered, Rawlins said to Grant, "You will have to make a speech."

"Well, I will try," answered Grant. "I can't make a speech, but I'll say something, and you will have to do the real speech-making."

So Captain Grant was introduced, and it was explained that he had presided at the Galena meeting. He spoke in a conversational way, very much as he would have done had he met the people he addressed in his father's store. But his talk was earnest and full of common sense. But in the very midst of his speech there came a catastrophe. The long stove-pipe beneath which he was standing broke, and the pieces fell to the floor at his feet. He was unhurt, but he was blackened from head to foot with soot. Brushing it off as well as he could, he continued his speech, and in his earnestness made his hearers soon forget his rather ridiculous appearance. Rawlins followed in an impassioned address, and as a result of the meeting twelve young farmers came forward and signed their names to the enlistment roll, and promised to go the next day to Galena and join the company organizing there. Grant and Rawlins drove back home that night, reaching Galena about midnight.

AN EARLY INSTANCE OF GRANT'S EXECUTIVE ABILITY.

The following day Grant began to reveal his executive capacity. It was already plain that Galena would furnish a full company, and there arose the question of providing uniforms. In his autobiography General Grant says that these uniforms were provided through the generosity and activity of patriotic women of Galena, but in that he has fallen into error. With Mr. Chetlain, Grant himself went to the leading tailor shop in Galena on the third morning, and asked the proprietors how much cloth they had suitable for making into military uniforms. They found they had sufficient cloth to uniform some eighty men.

"How long will it take you, using your

entire force and calling in help, to make up these uniforms?" asked Grant.

The tailors decided it could be done within two or three days.

"Do it," said Grant, "and we will see that you are paid."

Some citizens of financial standing then went to the leading bankers of Galena, and secured an advance, amounting to some fourteen hundred dollars, to pay for the uniforms. This money was afterwards paid back by the State treasurer.

The company being enrolled, Captain Grant's experience was helpful in the preliminary drill and the details of organization. Then the question arose who should be chosen for officers. Every man in the company was desirous that Grant accept the captaincy, but this he declined to do. So Mr. Chetlain was chosen captain. In conversation with Captain Chetlain soon after, Grant said: "I don't want to overestimate my abilities, and I don't think I do when I say that I feel that my education at West Point and my service in the army have qualified me to take the colonelcy of a regiment. I feel pretty sure that I could command a regiment creditably enough, and I suppose that I have a share of military pride which causes me to feel justified in asking the Governor to give me a regiment, and I'm going to do it."

GRANT GOES TO SPRINGFIELD IN SEARCH OF SERVICE.

On the day when the Galena company was to depart for the State capital, Springfield, patriotic enthusiasm was most gloriously stirred in the town. The company in the new uniforms paraded the principal streets, and then turned toward the railway station. As they passed the leather store of J. R. Grant & Company, Captain Chetlain saw standing in the doorway a short, slender young man, wearing the overcoat which had done service in the Mexican war. Upon his head was the familiar and faded soft felt hat. In his hand he held an old-fashioned, well-worn travelling-bag. Captain Chetlain nodded, and received in reply a recognition which was half military salute and half a friendly sign. When the company had passed, the young man stepped from the doorway, fell in behind, and marched, with modest step, at the rear, carrying his faded carpet-bag, and looking neither to right nor left.

A lad of nineteen, standing where he could see this modest departure, was greatly impressed by it. Not so much the military music, the cheering of the throng, the excitement of the moment, as that inconspicuous swinging into line of the leather clerk, sent the patriotic blood of the youngster tingling, so that he was impelled to enlist. He did, beginning as a private, and coming out as a brigadier-general. He is General Livermore of Boston.

At the railway station, just before the train started, the Rev. Mr. Vincent, now Bishop Vincent, addressed the company, standing upon a freight car as an improvised pulpit.

On the way to Springfield the train was delayed for an hour or two, and at Grant's suggestion the company went to a neighboring field, where Captain Grant put them through some of the simpler tactics.

A COLD RECEPTION ON ALL SIDES.

Captain Grant carried with him to Springfield nothing excepting the change of linen which was contained in the old carpet-bag, and a letter of introduction to Governor Yates, written by Elihu B. Washburne, then a member of Congress from the Galena district. The capital was in a turmoil. Gayly-uniformed volunteer officers were proud to display their buttons and their activity. The Governor was hedged about by these fussy soldiers, who thought they were actually engaged in war, although they were only playing at it.

Immediately after the Galena company reached Springfield, General Grant went to the State House to present his letter to Governor Yates. An acquaintance had some business which called him to the Capitol. As he walked down the corridor, he saw a man sitting upon a bench, and looking almost the picture of despair. The gayly-dressed young soldiers brushed by, some of them turning for an instant to glance at this man, who seemed almost like an outcast, so strong was the contrast between his appearance and theirs. The acquaintance recognized him, and going up to him said: "Why, Captain, what are you doing here?"

"Well, I am trying to get my letter of introduction to Governor Yates, and I have been waiting so long that I don't know as it will be of any use. However, I am going to stay here until the building closes."

The friend saw that Grant was a little despondent, and suggested to him that the Governor was very busy, but that he would sooner or later be sure to receive any one who bore a letter from Congressman Washburne.

A little while after, Grant was able to find some one who would condescend to take his letter of introduction to the Governor, and after a while this messenger returned, saying that the Governor would see Captain Grant as soon as he had leisure. The Governor must have been very busy, for leisure did not come until another hour or two had passed. When at last Grant went into the Governor's room, the Governor, casting a quick glance at him, and perceiving that he was coarsely dressed and shy of manner, seemed to decide to make the interview a short one. So he said: "Ah, you are Captain Grant. What can I do for you?"

"Well, Governor, I have come to see if I can be of any service to you, and I hope that by and by you will be able to give me a commission," answered Grant, adding that he was willing to do anything that would help the Governor in those trying times. He then referred very briefly to his experience as an officer in the regular army.

When Grant had finished, Governor Yates said: "Well, I don't know that there is anything you could do. You might stay around for a day or two, or perhaps the Adjutant-General may have something that he can give you to do. Suppose you see him."

GRANT A PETTY CLERK UNDER A STATE ADJUTANT-GENERAL.

Upon him the Adjutant-General also put the critical eye, when Grant applied to him, and seemed, like all the others, to be disposed to measure the unassuming man by his clothes rather than by his record and his intelligence. He, too, said: "Well, I don't know that there is anything you can do to help us. We are pretty well organized. But," he added, "hold on; you must know how to rule blanks for the making out of such reports as we make up. You certainly learned how to do that when you were in the army."

"Oh, yes," replied Captain Grant, "I know how those blanks should be ruled."

"Well, you see," continued the Adjutant-General, "we are short of these blanks. The Department at Washington cannot forward us the printed blanks as fast as we need, the demand is so great. I think I'll set you to work ruling blanks. You may come around to-morrow."

Captain Grant came, according to appointment, and paper, ink, and pen with ruler were given to him. But he was not permitted to have a desk in the room where most of the clerks of the Adjutant-General worked. That was a room well-carpeted, a room with handsome desks and other convenient and comfortable furniture. Just outside of it was a little anteroom, where the floor was bare, and the only furniture was a plain table and a hard-bottomed chair. There they put Captain Grant and set him to work ruling blanks; and thus, in that humblest of clerical work, he who was a few years later to command all its armies, and finally to rule the nation, began his formal service in the war.

A day or two later Captain Chetlain had occasion to go to the Adjutant-General's office, and to get there he must needs pass, as every one did, through the little anteroom. He saw what he thought was a familiar figure, at least a figure dressed in familiar clothing, bending over a table, and at work upon some papers that seemed to be reports. He touched him on the shoulder. Without moving otherwise than by slowly turning his head and looking up, the clerk responded to the touch. Then meeting the eye of Captain Chetlain an expression almost of despair and of humiliation came to his face, and he turned again to his work.

"What are you doing, Captain?" said Chetlain.

"Oh, I'm ruling blanks; work such as any clerk can do. I can do it no longer. There's no place for me here, no chance, and I'm going back to Galena."

"No, I would not do that, Captain," cried Chetlain. "Be patient. Everything is in a turmoil here. Even if you give up this work, don't go back to Galena. I am sure some chance will come for you very soon."

Saying nothing, Grant went on with his work.

GRANT'S PURSE RUNS LOW.

That evening he met Captain Chetlain again, and he then told him that he had decided to remain in Springfield a little longer, but that to do so he must practise the strictest economy. Said he: "I can't live at the hotel any longer; it costs too much. But I have found a room across the street. It is of good size, and has a double bed in it. The price is three dollars a week. Now, if you will come and share it with me, it will cost us only a dollar and a half a week each, and we'll get our meals where we can find them."

Captain Chetlain agreed to this proposi-

tion, and thus became Grant's room-mate, and remained with him until his company was mustered into the service and joined its regiment.

Captain Grant must have lived very plainly at this time. He did not complain. He went to the State Capitol every day, and returned every evening more and more despondent. Twice he decided to go back to Galena. Once he determined to go by the next train, and it was only at Chetlain's urgent persuasion that he decided to remain a few days longer. In the latter part of May, Governor Yates detailed Captain Grant to look after Camp Yates, and that occupied him for a time, but gave no promise of advancement. At last one day he came to Captain Chetlain in camp and said to him: "They have asked me to go down to Mattoon to muster in a regiment which is going into camp there;" and then he also confessed that his money had so completely given out that he would be unable to make the journey unless some friend would advance him fifteen dollars.

The small sum was found, and Grant went down to Mattoon, and spent a day or two with the new regiment, giving its officers the benefit of his military experience. He returned to Springfield, and again there was a time of waiting.

GRANT'S SERVICES DECLINED IN FOUR STATES.

Thinking there might be an opportunity for him at St. Louis, he finally went there. But although he met Captain Nathaniel Lyon and some other army friends, and even rode with them when they set out to break up a Confederate camp, he found no reason to believe that the State of Missouri would accept his services. So he returned to Springfield, and again almost determined to go to his home. Then he thought of McClellan, who was then in Cincinnati, preparing to leave for the front. He knew McClellan slightly, and was certain that McClellan knew of him. So he went to Cincinnati, but encountered there the same indifference and bad luck. McClellan himself had just gone to Washington. His brilliantly uniformed staff were in and about the hotel, but there was no offer of comradeship when Captain Grant timidly introduced himself to two or three of them. Of McClellan, he said to Colonel Chetlain (Chetlain had now been chosen Lieutenant-Colonel of the Twelfth Illinois Volunteers), "I look upon McClellan as one of the brightest officers of the regular army who has received appointment in the volunteer service, and he is now to make his mark in this war."

There was nothing to do but return to Springfield. On the way back Grant stopped over for a day in Indianapolis, thinking that perhaps his services might be accepted by Governor Morton. But a few hours there showed him plainly that political colonels and political influence were quite as strong in Indiana as in Illinois. When he again reached Springfield his mind was made up. Seeking out Colonel Chetlain, he bade him good-by, and then returned to his home in Galena, utterly despondent, and believing that, for the time at least, there was no chance for an obscure military man, since the politicians were making the officers for the regiments and brigades.

A COLONEL AT LAST, BUT WITHOUT HORSE OR UNIFORM.

In his brief services at Mattoon, however, Grant had sown better seed than he knew. The ability, energy, and thorough understanding of himself and his duties that he displayed when mustering in the Twenty-first Regiment of Illinois Volunteers, had made a deep impression on some of the officers and many of the men. For some reason the colonel of the Twenty-first resigned. At that time the officers of a regiment had the privilege of signifying to the governor their preferences for the office of colonel. Among the officers of the Twenty-first was a Captain Patterson, who afterwards was an able judge in one of the Illinois districts. Captain Patterson suggested, when the matter of a new colonel came up for discussion, that the officers indorse that Captain Grant who had mustered the regiment in. The idea was received with instant favor. A vote was taken, the proposition was carried, and a petition setting forth the facts was sent to Governor Yates.

A few days later Governor Yates sat talking with the State Auditor, Mr. Dubois, father of the present Senator Dubois of Idaho. Suddenly Governor Yates took up a paper and said: "Look here, Dubois, I have just received a petition from the officers of the Twenty-first Regiment, asking me to appoint as colonel of that regiment that Captain Grant, Washburne's friend, who was around the State House a little while ago. What would you do about it?"

"Do about it? Why, I'd appoint him; he's a good man. I talked with him. He has a clear head; he is full of common sense. He knows something about military affairs, and if these men want him, I'd appoint him."

The next morning Captain Grant, sitting in his father's leather store, received a telegram from Governor Yates, asking him if he would accept an appointment as colonel of the Twenty-first Regiment. Accept an appointment! Would an eagle fly? Grant telegraphed back instantly that he would gladly command the regiment, and as soon as possible went again to Springfield. He received his commission and joined the regiment, and the firm impulse of his discipline became immediately apparent.

But Grant was not yet freed from humiliation. He had been unable to procure any better clothes than those which he wore when he first went to Springfield. He had an old cavalry sabre which he had found in the arsenal, and that strapped to his waist was the only military badge that he wore, and it served well enough when he was drilling the regiment. But he could appear on dress parade only in full uniform, and he did not possess the money to buy a uniform, a sword, or a horse. For more than two weeks he left to Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander the duty of heading the regiment on dress parade. No man but himself, in all the regiment, knew that the only reason why he did not himself take command, was because his clothing would not permit him to do so.

In this emergency Grant wrote to his father and asked for the loan of four hundred dollars, the money to be used in buying a uniform, a sword, and a horse. The father did not see his way clear to advancing the money; but "Ulyss," as he was known in the store, had a good friend in the junior partner, Mr. Collins. Knowing of Grant's request for a loan, Mr. Collins obtained the money at the bank, and sent it to Colonel Grant, not even indicating at the time that it was sent by himself and not by Grant's father. Along with a draft for four hundred dollars was enclosed a promissory note, put in out of motives of delicacy, so that Colonel Grant would feel that he had borrowed the money, whereas Mr. Collins looked upon the money as a contribution to the cause of the Union. With a part of the money Grant bought the famous yellow horse which became afterwards known as "Old Clayback;" and as soon as he could have a uniform made, he appeared upon dress parade.

GRANT'S PROMOTION TO THE RANK OF BRIGADIER GENERAL.

A common belief has been that Grant owed his appointment as colonel to the influence of Congressman Washburne. Mr. Washburne's service to Grant came later, and consisted in the procuring for him promotion to the rank of brigadier-general.

In the summer, when most of the Northern troops had taken the field, and when Congress had conferred upon President Lincoln the necessary power, Lincoln summoned the Illinois delegation in Congress to a conference, and said to them: "I have authority to appoint six brigadier-generals from the State of Illinois, and I want you to agree in recommending suitable men for these places." Mr. Washburne suggested Colonel Grant of the Twenty-first Illinois Volunteers. He had heard of Grant's efficiency in organizing and drilling the Twenty-first Regiment. At his suggestion every member of the Illinois delegation joined with him in the recommendation. For the other five brigadierships no one received a unanimous recommendation, and it was because Grant was endorsed without division that his commission was dated back to the early days of May, which made him the senior brigadier-general of the State.

After Grant, by a swift, shrewd movement which the whole North applauded, had taken his brigade over the Ohio River and gained possession of Paducah, he met Chetlain, now become a colonel, one morning, and said: "I have got to go through to-morrow what will be to me a most unpleasant and distasteful experience. You remember, perhaps, hearing me speak of General C. S. Smith. He was my old instructor at West Point. A nobler man never lived, nor a finer soldier. To-morrow morning he is compelled to report to me as commanding officer, and it doesn't seem right." That experience was passed through the next day with all due formality. Happily the two generals knew perfectly well what was in the mind of each, and there went out from each silent but potent tributes of respect.

THE HOUR AND THE MAN.

A TALE OF REVENGE.

By Robert Barr,

Author of "In the Midst of Alarms," "The Face and the Mask," "The Typewritten Letter," etc.

PRINCE LOTARNO rose slowly to his feet, casting one malignant glance at the prisoner before him.

"You have heard," he said, "what is alleged against you. Have you anything to say in your defence?"

The captured brigand laughed.

"The time for talk is past," he cried. "This has been a fine farce of a fair trial. You need not have wasted so much time over what you call evidence. I knew my doom when I fell into your hands. I killed your brother, you will kill me. You have proved that I am a murderer and a robber; I could prove the same of you if you were bound hand and foot in my camp as I am bound in your castle. It is useless for me to tell you that I did not know he was your brother, else it would not have happened, for the small robber always respects the larger and more powerful thief. When a wolf is down, the other wolves devour him. I am down, and you will have my head cut off, or my body drawn asunder in your courtyard, whichever pleases your Excellency best. It is the fortune of war, and I do not complain. When I say that I am sorry I killed your brother, I merely mean I am sorry you were not the man who stood in his shoes when the shot was fired. You, having more men than I had, have scattered my followers and captured me. You may do with me what you please. My consolation is that the killing me will not bring to life the man who is shot, therefore conclude the farce that has dragged through so many weary hours. Pronounce my sentence. I am ready."

There was a moment's silence after the brigand had ceased speaking. Then the prince said, in low tones, but in a voice that made itself heard in every part of the judgment hall:

"Your sentence is that on the fifteenth of January you shall be taken from your cell at four o'clock, conducted to the room of execution, and there beheaded."

The prince hesitated for a moment as he concluded the sentence, and seemed about to add something more, but apparently he remembered that a report of the trial was to go before the king, whose representative was present, and he was particularly desirous that nothing should go on the records which savored of old-time malignity; for it was well known that his Majesty had a particular aversion to the old forms of torture that had obtained heretofore in his kingdom. Recollecting this, the prince sat down.

The brigand laughed again. His sentence was evidently not so grewsome as he had expected. He was a man who had lived all his life in the mountains, and he had had no means of knowing that more merciful measures had been introduced into the policy of the government.

"I will keep the appointment," he said jauntily, "unless I have a more pressing engagement."

The brigand was led away to his cell.

"I hope," said the prince, "that you noted the defiant attitude of the prisoner."

"I have not failed to do so, your Excellency," replied the ambassador.

"I think," said the prince, "that under the circumstances his treatment has been most merciful."

"I am certain, your Excellency," said the ambassador, "that his Majesty will be of the same opinion. For such a miscreant, beheading is too easy a death."

The prince was pleased to know that the opinion of the ambassador coincided so entirely with his own.

The brigand Toza was taken to a cell in the northern tower, where, by climbing on a bench, he could get a view of the profound valley, at the mouth of which the castle was situated. He well knew its impregnable position, commanding, as it did, the entrance to the valley. He knew, also, that if he succeeded in escaping from the castle, he was hemmed in by mountains practically unscalable, while the mouth of the gorge was so well guarded by the castle that it was impossible to get to the outer world through that gateway. Although he knew the mountains well, he realized that, with his band scattered, many killed, and the others fugitives, he would have a better chance of starving to death in the valley than of escaping out of it. He sat on the bench and thought over the situation. Why

had the prince been so merciful? He had expected torture, whereas he was to meet the easiest death that a man could die. He felt satisfied there was something in this that he could not understand. Perhaps they intended to starve him to death now that the appearance of a fair trial was over. Things could be done in the dungeon of a castle that the outside world knew nothing of. His fears of starvation were speedily put to an end by the appearance of his jailer with a better meal than he had had for some time; for during the last week he had wandered a fugitive in the mountains until captured by the prince's men, who evidently had orders to bring him in alive. Why, then, were they so anxious not to kill him in a fair fight if he were now to be merely beheaded?

"What is your name?" asked Toza of his jailer.

"I am called Paulo," was the answer.

"Do you know that I am to be beheaded on the fifteenth of the month?"

"I have heard so," answered the man.

"And do you attend me until that time?"

"I attend you while I am ordered to do so. If you talk much I may be replaced."

"That, then, is a tip for silence, good Paulo," said the brigand. "I always treat well those who serve me well; I regret, therefore, that I have no money with me, and so cannot recompense you for good service."

"That is not necessary," answered Paulo; "I receive my recompense from the steward."

"Ah, but the recompense of the steward and the recompense of a brigand chief are two very different things. Are there so many pickings in your position that you are rich, Paulo?"

"No, I am a poor man."

"Well, under certain circumstances I could make you rich."

Paulo's eyes glistened, but he made no direct reply. Finally he said, in a frightened whisper, "I have tarried too long; I am watched. By and by the vigilance will be relaxed, and then we may perhaps talk of riches."

With that the jailer took his departure. The brigand laughed softly to himself. "Evidently," he said, "Paulo is not above the reach of a bribe. We will have further talk on the subject when the watchfulness is relaxed."

And so it grew to be a question of which should trust the other. The brigand asserted that hidden in the mountains he had gold and jewels, and these he would give to Paulo if he could contrive his escape from the castle.

"Once free of the castle, I can soon make my way out of the valley," said the brigand.

"I am not so sure of that," answered Paulo. "The castle is well guarded, and when it is discovered that you have escaped, the alarm-bell will be rung, and after that not a mouse can leave the valley without the soldiers knowing it."

The brigand pondered on the situation for some time, and at last said, "I know the mountains well."

"Yes," said Paulo, "but you are one man, and the soldiers of the prince are many. Perhaps," he added, "if it were made worth my while, I could show you that I know the mountains even better than you do."

"What do you mean?" asked the brigand, in an excited whisper.

"Do you know the tunnel?" inquired Paulo, with an anxious glance toward the door.

"What tunnel? I never heard of any."

"But it exists, nevertheless; a tunnel through the mountains to the world outside."

"A tunnel through the mountains? Nonsense!" cried the brigand. "I should have known of it if one existed. The work would be too great to accomplish."

"It was made long before your day, or mine either. If the castle had fallen then, those who were inside could escape through the tunnel. Few know of the entrance; it is near the waterfall up the valley, and is covered with brushwood. What will you give me to place you at the entrance of that tunnel?"

The brigand looked at Paulo sternly for a few moments, then he answered slowly, "Everything I possess."

"And how much is that?" asked Paulo.

"It is more than you will ever earn by serving the prince."

"Will you tell me where it is before I help you to escape from the castle and lead you to the tunnel?"

"Yes," said Toza.

"Will you tell me now?"

"No; bring me a paper to-morrow, and I will draw a plan showing you how to get it."

When his jailer appeared, the day after Toza had given the plan, the brigand asked eagerly, "Did you get the treasure?"

"I did," said Paulo quietly.

"And will you keep your word? Will you get me out of the castle?"

"I will get you out of the castle and lead you to the entrance of the tunnel, but after that you must look to yourself."

"Certainly," said Toza; "that was the bargain. Once out of this accursed valley, I can defy all the princes in Christendom. Have you a rope?"

"We shall need none," said the jailer. "I will come for you at midnight, and take you out of the castle by the secret passage; then your escape will not be noticed until morning."

At midnight his jailer came and led Toza through many a tortuous passage, the two men pausing now and then, holding their breaths anxiously as they came to an open court through which a guard paced. At last they were outside of the castle at one hour past midnight.

The brigand drew a long breath of relief when he was once again out in the free air.

"Where is your tunnel?" he asked, in a somewhat distrustful whisper, of his guide.

"Hush!" was the low answer. "It is only a short distance from the castle, but every inch is guarded, and we cannot go direct; we must make for the other side of the valley, and come to it from the north."

"What!" cried Toza in amazement, "traverse the whole valley for a tunnel a few yards away?"

"It is the only safe plan," said Paulo. "If you wish to go by the direct way, I must leave you to your own devices."

"I am in your hands," said the brigand with a sigh. "Take me where you will, so long as you lead me to the entrance of the tunnel."

They passed down and down, around the heights on which the castle stood, and crossed the purling little river by means of stepping-stones. Once Toza fell into the water, but was rescued by his guide. There was still no alarm from the castle as daylight began to break. As it grew more light they both crawled into a cave which had a low opening difficult to find, and there Paulo gave the brigand his breakfast, which he took from a little bag slung by a strap across his shoulder.

"What are we going to do for food if we are to be days between here and the tunnel?" asked Toza.

"Oh, I have arranged for that, and a quantity of food has been placed where we are most likely to want it. I will get it while you sleep."

"But if you are captured, what am I to do?" asked Toza. "Can you not tell me now how to find the tunnel, as I told you how to find the treasure?"

Paulo pondered over this for a moment, and then said, "Yes, I think it would be the safer way. You must follow the stream until you reach the place where the torrent from the east joins it. Among the hills there is a waterfall, and half-way up the precipice on a shelf of rock there are sticks and bushes. Clear them away, and you will find the entrance to the tunnel. Go through the tunnel until you come to a door, which is bolted on this side. When you have passed through, you will see the end of your journey."

Shortly after daybreak the big bell of the castle began to ring, and before noon the soldiers were beating the bushes all around them. They were so close that the two men could hear their voices from their hiding place, where they lay in their wet clothes, breathlessly expecting every moment to be discovered.

The conversation of two soldiers, who were nearest them, nearly caused the hearts of the hiding listeners to stop beating.

"Is there not a cave near here?" asked one. "Let us search for it."

"Nonsense," said the other. "I tell you that they could not have come this far already."

"Why could they not have escaped when the guard changed at midnight?" insisted the first speaker.

"Because Paulo was seen crossing the courtyard at midnight, and they could have had no other chance of getting away until just before daybreak."

This answer seemed to satisfy his comrade, and the search was given up just as they were about to come upon the fugitives. It was a narrow escape, and brave as the robber was, he looked pale, while Paulo was in a state of collapse.

Many times during the nights and days that followed, the brigand and his guide almost fell into the hands of the minions of the prince. Exposure, privation, semi-starvation, and, worse than all, the alternate wrenchings of hope and fear, began to tell upon the stalwart frame of the brigand. Some days and nights of cold winter rain added to their misery. They dared not seek shelter, for every habitable place was watched.

When daylight overtook them on their

last night's crawl through the valley, they were within a short distance of the waterfall, whose low roar now came soothingly down to them.

"Never mind the daylight," said Toza; "let us push on and reach the tunnel."

"I can go no farther," moaned Paulo; "I am exhausted."

"Nonsense," cried Toza; "it is but a short distance."

"The distance is greater than you think; besides, we are in full view of the castle. Would you risk everything, now that the game is nearly won? You must not forget that the stake is your head; and remember what day this is."

"What day is it?" asked the brigand, turning on his guide.

"It is the fifteenth of January, the day on which you were to be executed."

Toza caught his breath sharply. Danger and want had made a coward of him, and he shuddered now, which he had not done when he was on his trial and condemned to death.

"How do you know it is the fifteenth?" he asked at last.

Paulo held up his stick, notched after the method of Robinson Crusoe.

"I am not so strong as you are, and if you will let me rest here until the afternoon, I am willing to make a last effort, and try to reach the entrance of the tunnel."

"Very well," said Toza shortly.

As they lay there that forenoon neither could sleep. The noise of the waterfall was music to the ears of both; their long toilsome journey was almost over.

"What did you do with the gold that you found in the mountains?" asked Toza suddenly.

Paulo was taken unawares, and answered, without thinking, "I left it where it was. I will get it later."

The brigand said nothing, but that remark condemned Paulo to death. Toza resolved to murder him as soon as they were well out of the tunnel, and get the gold himself.

They left their hiding-place shortly after twelve o'clock, but their progress was so slow, crawling, as they had to do, up the steep side of the mountain, under cover of bushes and trees, that it was well after three o'clock when they came to the waterfall, which they crossed, as best they could, on stones and logs.

"There," said Toza, shaking himself, "that is our last wetting. Now for the tunnel!"

The rocky sides of the waterfall hid them from view of the castle, but Paulo called the brigand's attention to the fact that they could be easily seen from the other side of the valley.

"It doesn't matter now," said Toza; "lead the way as quickly as you can to the mouth of the cavern."

Paulo scrambled on until he reached a shelf about half-way up the cataract; he threw aside bushes, brambles, and logs, speedily disclosing a hole large enough to admit a man.

"You go first," said Paulo, standing aside.

"No," answered Toza; "you know the way, and must go first. You cannot think that I wish to harm you; I am completely unarmed."

"Nevertheless," said Paulo, "I shall not go first. I did not like the way you looked at me when I told you the gold was still in the hills. I admit that I distrust you."

"Oh, very well," laughed Toza, "it doesn't really matter." And he crawled into the hole in the rock, Paulo following him.

Before long the tunnel enlarged so that a man could stand upright.

"Stop!" said Paulo. "There is the door near here."

"Yes," said the robber, "I remember that you spoke of a door;" adding, however, "What is it for, and why is it locked?"

"It is bolted on this side," answered Paulo, "and we shall have no difficulty in opening it."

"What is it for?" repeated the brigand.

"It is to prevent the current of air running through the tunnel and blowing away the obstruction at this end," said the guide.

"Here it is," said Toza, as he felt down its edge for the bolt.

The bolt drew back easily, and the next instant the brigand was pushed rudely into a room blazing with torches held by a dozen men standing about.

In the centre of the room was a block covered with a black cloth, and beside it stood a masked executioner, resting the corner of a gleaming axe on the black draped block, with his hands crossed over the end of the axe's handle.

The prince stood there, surrounded by his ministers. Above his head was a clock, with the minute-hand pointed to the hour of four.

"You are just in time," said the prince grimly; "we are waiting for you."

HOW THE CIRCUS IS PUT UP AND TAKEN DOWN.

By Cleveland Moffett.

"YOU DON'T GET MUCH TIME TO SLEEP, DO YOU?"

IT is a mountain side, silent and gloomy in the dawning day. Around the base a railroad winds, stretching away for miles. Dimly outlined a train passes, followed by a second, and then by a third, at brief intervals. Seen from the height the three trains look like a gigantic snake moving onward in sections. Combined they are at least a mile in length. They are made up of cars of many colors, laden each with a most curious freight. On long flat cars are wagon-cages, now covered with canvas to protect the red and gold in which they are decorated, and containing all the beasts of the jungle. Inside four huge rolling stables a herd of elephants, each weighing four or five tons, are swinging their trunks, while in other cars three hundred horses, including the purest breeds, are ranged together so closely, head and tail, tail and head, that though one of them should be stricken dead he could not fall to the floor. In long brown cars three hundred workmen are packed in tiers almost as closely as the horses. In long red cars, jugglers, snake-charmers, acrobats, bareback-riders, and trapeze performers are sleeping. In another sleep giants and dwarfs, the man with one head and two bodies, the man with no arms, the woman with bearded face, and the dog-faced boy. In still another, dreaming perhaps of their far-away homes, repose a swarthy band of boomerang-throwers from Africa, and high-caste Hindus and Egyptian dancing-girls, the most heterogeneous company ever gathered under one roof. Should harm come to these winding trains, seven hundred lives would be imperilled. Elephants worth seventy thousand dollars might be destroyed, and horses worth twice as much. Destruction of the entire menagerie would mean the loss of half a million dollars; with no recovery, for there is no insurance, the insurance companies accounting the risk too great.

While the trains are still under way, and before the dawn has yet broken, in a field of ten or twelve acres have gathered some trucks loaded with hay, oats, and straw. Beside them is a wagon piled with wood and another with coal. Two sprinkling-carts are drawn up near by, and a wagon with cans holding forty gallons of milk. Along with the trucks and wagons are gathered also several thousand people. Some of them have torn themselves from their beds at this unseasonable hour; many have stayed up all night. They are of all classes. Society people have come from balls and card parties; farmers have journeyed in from a distance, and small boys have swarmed from everywhere.

The mists and shadows of the night begin to break. It is half past three; there is a cry from the crowd, "Here they come!" and presently a lumbering omnibus, drawn by two horses, drives into the field, crowded with brown-faced, strong-armed men. It stops, and twenty men springing to the ground gather about a leader whose face shows quick decision, and who proceeds to strip off his coat for work. It is Jack Hunt, the boss canvas-man, with the advance guard of his workmen. A few years ago Jack was himself a member of the common gang, working for four dollars and a half a week; but ability tells in putting up tents as in other things, and now he holds one of the most important positions in this most perfectly organized of all armies, the modern circus.

LOCATING THE TENTS.

A quick glance over the ten acres, and Jack Hunt has decided on the location of the main entrance, which, in a general way, is the point of departure for everything else. Having settled where the "big top" will stand, the location of the other eleven tents is determined with mathematical precision,

as the heart determines the rest of the body.

"Out of the way, you boys," says Hunt, tape-measure in hand, as he starts forward to mark the long diameter of the "big top." Two men trot beside him, their arms filled with iron rods two feet long and pointed at one end. Two others help him with the measurements, holding one end of the tape while he runs out the necessary distances. He locates first the five centre poles of the big tent, an iron bar being driven at each here being topped with white flags. All is done with incredible rapidity, the plan of the two great tents being finished within eight minutes from the start. In other parts of the field are as quickly laid out the dressing-room tent, two horse-tents, the wardrobe tents, the side-show tent, the freaks' dressing-room, and half a dozen smaller tents for the blacksmith shop, the repair shop, etc. Thus, by four o'clock, Jack Hunt, who never went to college, has disposed of enough angles, circles, diameters, and radii,

UNLOADING CANVAS, STAKES, ETC., FOR THE TENTS.

The material for the tents is always unloaded in precisely the place and position most convenient for the use to which it is to be put.

point. Then, in the same way, he marks the circumference of the tent, indicating the points where the two hundred and eight side poles will stand. A little red or blue flag flutters at the top of each iron rod, making the plan of the tent stand out on the sod like a geometrical pattern.

The "big top," four hundred and forty feet by one hundred and eighty, being thus laid out, Hunt and his men hurry to the site of the menagerie tent, which is connected with the main tent by a neck of canvas. This they mark out in the same way, the iron rods to drive a professor of mathematics frantic; and he has made no mistakes, there being no provision in the programme of a great circus for mistakes. It is only half an hour since the omnibus drove into the field, but a thousand iron rods have been driven to mark where the tent-stakes are to go, and a thousand little flags of various colors, according to the tent, are fluttering over the ground in curious lines and curves. All is now in readiness for the larger gangs of workmen, who have meantime made their way from the train on foot.

THE CIRCUS KITCHEN.

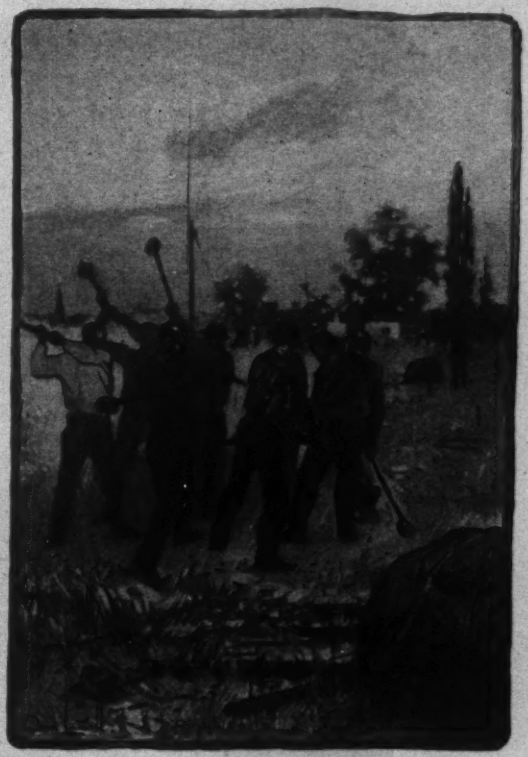
At five minutes past four a shout from the crowd indicates the approach of the three huge cook-wagons, each weighing twenty tons and drawn by six horses. From the first of them rise three chimneys, out of which black smoke is pouring. This wagon carries the sixteen-foot cooking-range, where fires were started the moment the wagon was unloaded from the train. Already, while rolling towards the circus grounds, the ten cooks have been making active preparations for the breakfast which must be served within two hours to seven hundred hungry people.

When the three wagons have drawn up on the site of the still unraised cook-tent, three butchers with heavy cleavers at once begin work upon the sides of beef, legs of mutton, and loins of pork (five hundred pounds in all) that must forthwith be changed into steaming steaks, chops, and cutlets. A boiler is set up, and steam pipes are connected from it with the big urn which must furnish two thousand cups of coffee shortly, and with the warming-pans on the tables where the meats are served. While this is doing by one set of men, others are raising the tent, building twelve long tables, and unpacking twenty large green boxes that contain six thousand dishes and countless kitchen utensils.

Meantime Jack Hunt is overseeing the unloading of the stake-wagons, the pole-wagons, the canvas-wagons, and the tool-wagons, which have come across the field, drawn some by four, some by six, horses. Now he puts his whistle to his lips and sounds three shrill calls which summon all the "big top" gang to the spot. Eighty-five men respond to the call, fine hearty fellows, with bodies all muscle, and with special skill for the work before them. They are divided into two groups; about thirty to wield the sledges, and the rest to lay the stakes where they are to be driven, and the side and quarter poles where they are to be raised.

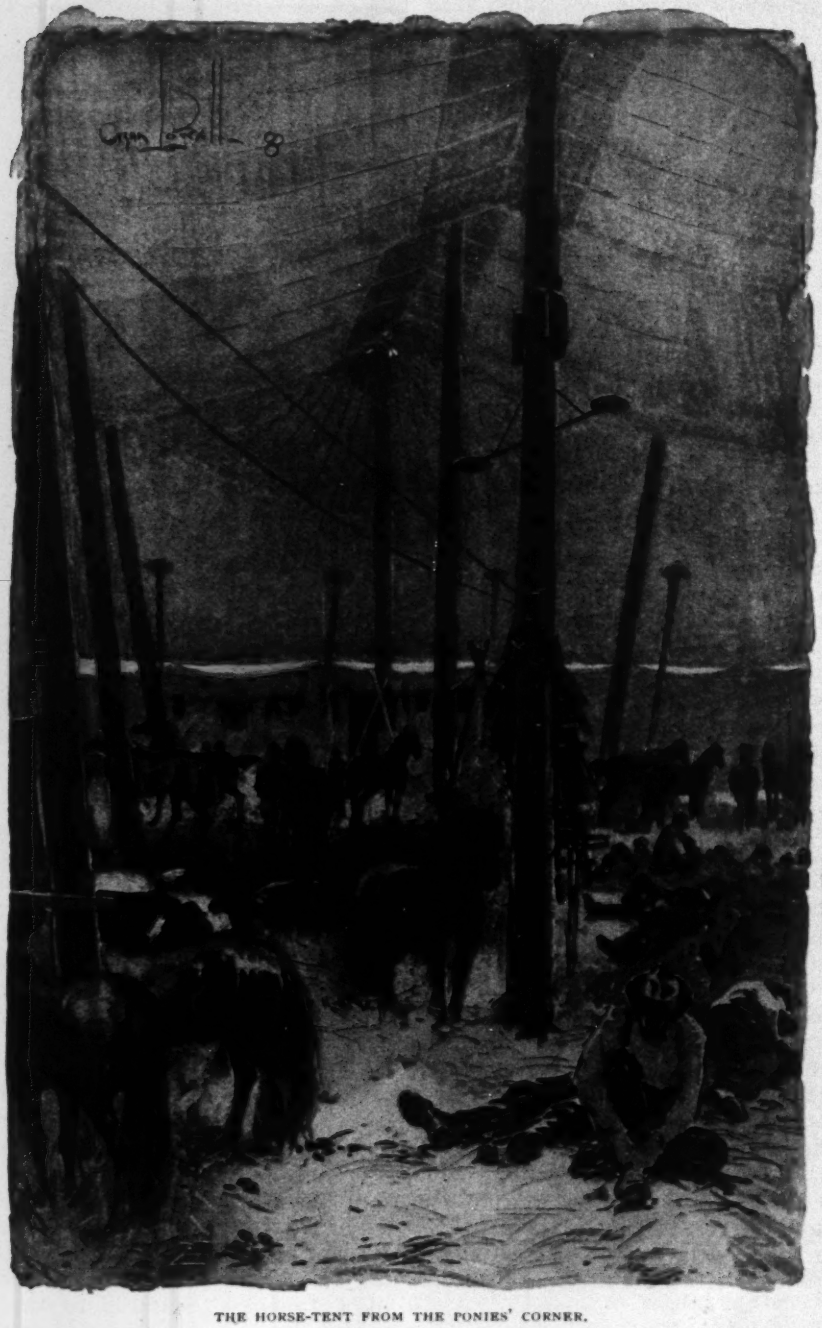
DRIVING OVER A THOUSAND STAKES IN LESS THAN AN HOUR.

First comes the driving of the stakes, no slight task, since each stake is four or five feet in length, two or three inches thick, and has to be driven three fourths of its length into hard ground. Between two hundred and three hundred blows of the sledge are required to get a stake home.



DRIVING STAKES.

The sledges have handles three feet long and heads that weigh seventeen pounds. They must be swung high in the air, and be brought down with the full force of a pair of strong arms. There are over a thousand of these stakes to be driven, which means two hundred and fifty thousand blows of the sledges. But for their special skill, this work alone would take the men half a day. They will do it easily in forty-five minutes. They begin with the "big top" tent, which is marked out four hundred and forty feet in length and one hundred and eighty feet in width. There are three hundred and fifty stakes to be driven here, and four gangs of men, of seven or eight men each, are charged to drive them. The leader of each gang places the stake where the iron rod stood, taps it two or three blows to make it stand alone, and then with a nod signals the gang to begin striking. The seven men stand in a circle around the stake, their sledges ready. Each man swings his sledge through a full circle, the heavy hammers coming down on the iron head of the stake in regular and rapid succession. Each man strikes about one blow a second, so that the stake receives seven blows a second. So skilful are the men that they never miss a blow, never interfere with each other, and never vary



THE HORSE-TENT FROM THE PONIES' CORNER.

The scene is that of early morning, when the grooms are awakened from the brief sleep they get after the tent is erected.

from the musical rhythm set by the leader. The blows have a well-marked accent or beat on the third or fourth stroke, so that they seem to be striking in three-time or four-time, and this all over the field; for at the same time other gangs are driving the stakes for the other tents. The effect for the listener is very interesting.

RAISING THE CENTRE POLE.

The whistle sounds again, summoning a large gang to the menagerie tent, where the pole-riggers have already laid the five centre poles in position for raising. Each pole is equipped with blocks and tackle, and has a flagstaff jointed to it at the top.

Attached to the top are also three long, heavy ropes, called the main guys.

Jack Hunt, standing at the foot of the first pole, with a crowbar in his hand, cries, "All ready on the main guy. Now lift her."

Immediately twenty men begin to pull on two hundred feet of rope, straining to raise the pole a little from the ground at the lighter end. At the same time twelve pole-riggers are lifting on it with all their might. As it rises they work under it and push, advancing slowly towards the base of the pole as the angle widens. The pole is kept from slipping at the base, under all this pushing and pulling, by the crowbar which Hunt holds against it.

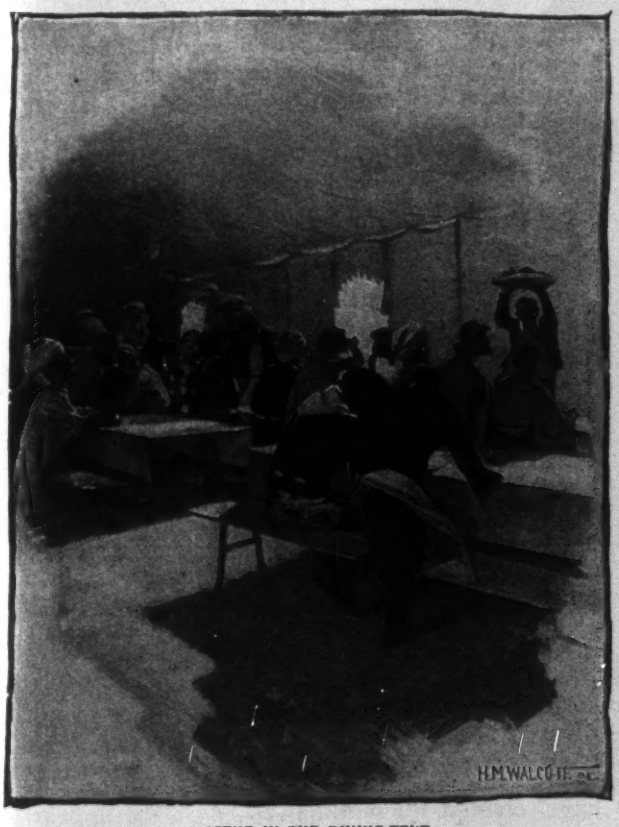
"Pull away—slack her—hold her," cries Hunt.

The pole having been brought to an exact perpendicular, the main guys are made fast, and it stands firm, fifty feet from base to top. The other four are raised in the same way.

THE CIRCUS KITCHEN.

SPREADING THE CANVAS.

At the foot of the centre poles now lie six big rolls of canvas. They are the six sections of the roof of the tent. At the word of command forty men lay hold of a roll, and, opening it up quickly, spread out the canvas over the ground a length of one hundred and eighty feet. The other rolls are treated in the same manner.



A SCENE IN THE DINING-TENT.

The ground is now carpeted with canvas, over which the men hurry in small gangs to the foot of each centre pole, closing around it in what seems to be a scrambling mass. Really they are proceeding without confusion, and are making the canvas fast to a heavy bale-ring that encircles the centre pole and is raised or lowered by ropes playing through the pulleys at the top of the pole. Meanwhile other workmen run along the lines where the six sections of canvas join, roping these together in long seams, while still others see that the quarter poles are laid in place under the canvas, for raising presently.

Before closing the seams at the bale-rings, the five gangs of pole-riggers slip themselves through the canvas to the ground beneath, where they stand, invisible, with hands on the tackle ropes, waiting the word to haul away. The word comes, and around the five centre poles the canvas begins to lift slowly, while the pulley-blocks creak under the weight of

THE RED-LEMONADE AND POP-CORN FAKIR—NIGHT.

it. When the bale-rings have risen about eight feet, the order comes to stop hauling, for no human strength could lift the canvas to the tops of the centre poles by the aid of the pulley-blocks alone.

REARING THE SIDE AND QUARTER POLES.

Distributed around the circumference of the tent lie one hundred poles about ten feet long, one to each of the driven stakes. Leaving the centre poles, the workmen lay hold of these side poles, rear them at the edge of the canvas, and fix them in place by guy ropes fastened to the stakes. While one set of men thus lift the roof canvas in place at its outer edge, another set draw the lengths of side canvas around the tent, each length covering the distance between two of the side poles. With such dexterity is the work done, that almost before one realizes that it has begun the one hundred side poles are all in place, secured each by two guy ropes, and the side canvas has been stretched and made fast around half the circumference of the tent. From the other half the side canvas is left down until the elephants and the animals in cages have been brought in.

The roof canvas is now a huge basin held ten feet above ground around its entire outer edge, and a similar height at the five centre poles, but lying flat on the ground through most of the intervening space. To carry it the rest of the way to its proper place is no easy matter, for the weight of the canvas added to the air pressure on its great expanse is only to be calculated in tons. In wet weather the weight is enormously increased. This task is accomplished by the aid of twenty-eight "quarter poles," each thirty-five feet in length, and by universal custom painted red. On either side of the tent fourteen of these heavy poles lie beneath the canvas at right angles to the circumference. At a signal from Hunt, fifteen men place themselves in line at the foot of a pole on one side and fifteen at the foot of the corresponding pole on the other side. In either gang the men lay hold of a long rope having an iron ring at one end.

"Go ahead with it, boys," comes the order; and immediately the first man at the rope fastens the ring over a hook in the base of the quarter pole, the pole itself meanwhile having been lifted so that its upper end fits into a socket in the canvas; and then all hands pull. Under the pulling the pole travels toward an upright position and carries the canvas upward. The pulling, which in the menagerie tent is done by the fifteen men, in the "big top" is done by two horses.

The quarter poles in place, three men at the blocks and tackles easily lift the canvas to its full height on the centre poles, and the tent stands complete, covering an area of three hundred and sixty feet by one hundred and sixty, the largest menagerie tent in the world. All this has been done within three-quarters of an hour from the time the stake-wagon reached the field.

Now the work proceeds on the smaller tents, it being the rule of the circus that all the stakes for the twelve tents that compose this magic city shall be driven, and the menagerie tent, the cook-tent, and the two horse-tents completely erected, before the men go to breakfast, which is served sharply at six o'clock. This gives them usually two hours in which to accomplish what could not be done as well in a week by an equal number of men not educated to the work.

A GREAT ENCAMPMENT.

By the time the menagerie tent is erected, the field has taken on the appearance of a military encampment. Stake-

wagons, pole-wagons, canvas-wagons, each drawn by six horses, have ranged themselves in their proper places. The baggage-wagons and the property-wagons have stopped near the dressing-rooms; the wagons carrying the wild beasts' cages are drawn up near the menagerie tent. The horses, both those for humble draught and those for brillianter service in the ring, have been ranged along in lines near their respective tents. The band-wagons and the chariots, the calliope, the chimes, the oil-tank, the sprinklers, the ticket-wagon, the side-show wagon, the reserved-seat wagon, the stable-wagon, and a quantity of other machines and vehicles have arrived. By this time also four or five hundred circus people have presented themselves on the grounds. Not many minutes after the arrival of Jack Hunt, Superintendent Frank Hyatt drove upon the grounds in a buggy, with the boss carpenter and the boss harness-maker. A little later Mr. Bailey himself, the millionnaire proprietor of the show, drove rapidly across the field in a sulky drawn by his favorite black horse, which is always waiting beside his private car at daybreak. No man connected with the circus works harder than he. Every day, at both performances, he sits at the main entrance, personally giving out reserved-seat tickets and seeing that no child over nine years old gets in for less than the stipulated fifty cents. Rarely is he absent. During the whole circus season he sleeps on a moving train, and takes his meals with his employees in the cook-tent, where he fares neither better nor worse than they. Every morning at daybreak he is on his feet and off for the grounds, rain or shine, where he personally supervises every detail of the operations, and he does not leave at night until satisfied that everything is as it should be.

Presently a cry from the crowd and a rush of small boys announce the arrival of the elephants, which come chained together in pairs, with a keeper for each.

As soon as the menagerie tent is ready, the cages are drawn inside and set in a close circle. There is a place for each, and no variation occurs from day to day in the way they are placed. All are heavy, some of them weighing five or six tons, and as they stand close together, end to end, it is impossible to use horses in placing them; and as many as twenty men would perform the task only with difficulty. An easy method has been found by setting the big elephant "Babe" to push the wagons into place. Three men with "Babe's" assistance accomplish the whole business in half an hour, and "Babe" seems to greatly enjoy her part of it, using for the work the upper part of her trunk.

Thus by six o'clock the crowd of people gathered on what was but now a bare field have witnessed a most marvellous transformation. They have been well repaid for their unusually early rising. They have had a rare illustration of what can be accomplished by minute and perfect organization. The workmen, their faces glowing under the strong rush of blood, their bodies steaming from their exertions, respond eagerly when the whistle sounds over the grounds and tells them that breakfast is ready. Never were men more ready to eat than they, and nowhere will one find lustier appetites than among the laborers employed in a circus. By this time everything is ready in the cook-tent, which, but for its floor of sod and its seats of painted boards, presents as orderly an appearance as any hotel. Breakfast finished, the work of erection continues to completion with the same precision and swiftness with which it began.

OPENING THE TICKET-WAGON, SEVEN P. M.—ENTRANCE TO THE TENT IN THE FOREGROUND.

UNDOING THE MIGHTY WORK OF THE MORNING.

It is eight o'clock at night; the curious crowd has left the menagerie tent, and passed into the "big top" for the evening's performance. Hardly is the last straggler gone when, at the word, workmen let down and bar the shutters of the cages and draw on the canvas covers. Thanks to this careful covering, the paint and gilding show almost as bright and fresh at the end of the season as at the opening.

In placing the cages care has been taken to turn the front wheels toward the side canvas. Now the wagon poles are put in place, and all is ready for the horses.

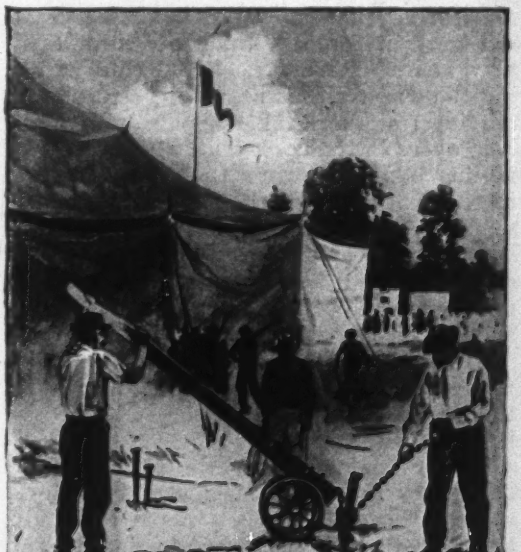
First, however, the double line of Orientals, with their counters of photographs and curiosities, must be removed, and all along the line the dark-haired men and women are packing their stores in trunks and boxes. Workmen meanwhile are lowering the chandeliers that blaze with lines of naphtha jets. Finally all but one set of burners are out, and the tent, but now so gay, takes on an air of gloom and emptiness. Down at the farther end the elephants, huddled together with their keepers, sway their huge bulks back and forth, waiting for the moment to start on their march. Other workmen begin to remove the quarter poles, an easy task in comparison with that of putting them in place, two men undoing now what it took fifteen to do in the morning. Deprived of this support, the canvas sags down, sustained only by the centre and side poles.

At a quarter past eight a blast of music from the "big top" calls for the "ethnological procession," in which all the Orientals take part. Until this is over the final work of removing the menagerie tent cannot be accomplished. But at half-past eight, when the Orientals come scampering back, delighted to be free from a long confinement, the grooms are summoned by Tom Lynch, the boss horseman, to bring up the teams. Quickly flinging on a high-piled turban, a gayly colored shawl, or a silken sash, the Arabs, East Indians, Africans, and what not, hurry away, laughing and chattering. Their boxes and trunks, strewn about the centre of the tent, are immediately carried out and stowed in the baggage-wagon, waiting in readiness.

Now the tent is almost empty, and the few stragglers had best take heed, for Tom Lynch's horses are coming on like a charge of cavalry. From the side of the horse-tents the teams dash in—twenty-four four-horse teams, ten six-horse teams, four eight-horse teams, and one two-horse team. The driver of each team bestrides one of the leaders, and as the one hundred and ninety horses come thundering down the line of wagons, with harness clanking, the effect is magnificent, though to a timid person perhaps a little terrifying. Each driver knows exactly which wagon he is to draw, and the horses themselves know their places; hence there is no confusion, no delay. Within eight minutes from the time when Tom Lynch sounded his call, the last wagon has been drawn away, and the menagerie tent stands empty.

TAKING DOWN THE CANVAS.

At a word the side walls of the tent are drawn, and the night air blows in. A man stationed at every alternate side pole has quickly loosened his length of the side canvas and folded it up for the canvas wagon. Scarcely are the side walls gone when the last chandelier drops down the centre pole, and the whole place is in darkness. But canvasmen know their work so well that they could do it with their eyes closed. Five of them stand at the foot of each centre pole with hands on the pulley ropes, ready



DRAWING STAKES.

for the word from Jack Hunt, who stands outside the tent, overseeing everything.

"Have you been around, 'Big White-head'?"

This is addressed to a man whose important duty it is to inspect the guy ropes, upon which especially depends the safety of the crowd.

"All right, sir," answers a hearty voice from the darkness.

"How is the back pole?"

"All right, sir," says "Big White-head" again.

"How is the second pole?"

"All right, sir."

The like question is put, the like answer given, for all the five poles; for it is of the utmost importance to make sure that they are held securely in place by the fifteen main guys before allowing the canvas to fall. While the canvas is up, the centre poles will be kept in place by the canvas itself, supported by the side poles and side guys. But once these are removed, all depends upon the main guys, three of which must bear the entire strain of each centre pole. It has happened that by a wanton or careless act some of these guys have been cut and serious accidents have resulted.

Satisfied that all is as it should be with the main guys, Hunt cries, "Let her go."

Immediately the five bale-rings slide down the poles, while forty thousand square feet of canvas settles slowly to the ground, buoyed up by the air beneath, and swelling along through its length and breadth in great curves and billows, especially where a strong wind catches it. Springing into the air the pole-riggers seize the bale-rings as they come down, and swiftly unlash the canvas, working from below, while the men at the stakes on either side throw themselves upon the mountain of collapsing canvas, climbing up its swaying sides, monkey-like, their weight helping to squeeze out the air from beneath and bring the struggling monster to the ground. They climb along the seams, working inward, and undoing, as they go, the ropes that lace together the sections. This done, some drag away the blocks and tackle; others roll up the canvas. In the twinkling of an eye there remain standing only the five bare centre poles. Meanwhile, of this work of swift despoilment going on just beside them, the nine thousand people in the "big top" are entirely unconscious.

LOWERING THE CENTRE POLES.

"Get down to the back pole," next commands Hunt, and instantly the whole gang of pole-riggers range themselves, with arms upraised, on the line along which the pole is to fall.

THE LAST WAGON LEAVING THE MENAGERIE TENT.

"All ready—down she goes," and at the word Hunt cautiously loosens the guy, slackening the coil from one stake to another of the three about which it is bound in such fashion that single-handed he is able to regulate the descent of the pole. It wavers from the perpendicular, and, sinking slowly, is caught without harm by the forty arms stretched out to receive it.

"Get down to the second pole," comes the order again, and here the same thing is repeated, and so on with the other three. Then all are lifted upon the pole-wagon, drawn up near by, with six horses hitched to it, ready to start for the train.

It now remains to load the six rolls of canvas into the canvas-van, also waiting, and this again is no easy matter. The strength of twenty men is required to lift one of the rolls into the van, and to lighten the task a little a lifting-frame has been devised. It consists of two long spars placed at right angles to two others, and jointed at the points of intersection. This makes a rack large enough to accommodate one of the rolls of canvas, with eight projecting handles. Two men are placed at each one of these handles and stand ready to lift.

"Pick her up; roll her in," comes the order, and immediately the sixteen men, straining under their burden, advance to the van. The roll is pushed inside and stowed away at the farther end, the other rolls following. The lashings are made fast, the driver climbs to his high seat, the horses, knowing their duty, start at a word, and in seventeen minutes from the time the canvas fell the space occupied by the menagerie tent is once more a bare field.

It is exactly thirty-one minutes since the work of dismantlement began.

LOADING THE TRAINS.

Man's intelligence has devised nothing more compact, more orderly, more admirably adapted to its purpose, than the train of a great modern circus. It is a kingdom on wheels, a city that folds itself up like an umbrella. Quietly and swiftly every night it does the work of Aladdin's lamp, picking up in its magician's arms theatre, hotel, schoolroom, barracks, home, whisking them all miles away, and setting them down before sunrise in a new place, and this with such accurate care for the smallest detail that there seems to have been no change at all. No army knows such severe discipline as the troop of the circus train, for its seven hundred soldiers go into battle every morning as a matter of course, and make forced marches every night. Every twenty-four hours it solves a military problem that would have staggered Napoleon himself. A few years ago, when Barnum and Bailey's Circus was at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, a number of United States army officers were detailed to study its methods of transportation, with a view of adopting them in the artillery service. They spent a week with the circus, watching the loading and unloading of the train, and in their official report they stated that they could not too strongly recommend the introduction into the United States army of many methods and devices which they found brought there to perfection. Once, in Boston, when the State militia were trying vainly to unload six cars of cannon, an appeal was made to Mr. Bailey. Within an hour Byron Rose, the manager of transportation for the Barnum and Bailey show, with a gang of twenty-one men, had accomplished the work. The unloading of cannon was a comparatively simple matter to men whose daily business it was to juggle cages weighing six tons each, with a rhinoceros or a hippopotamus inside.

The first wagons from the menagerie tent usually reach the train at about nine o'clock, but the work of loading has already begun. Byron Rose, a blonde giant with slightly stooping shoulders, has been busy with his men for half an hour, running up the heavy inclined plane upon the flat cars, the cook-wagons, the band-wagons, the calliope, the chimes, and the five pony-chariots. This inclined plane consists of two runs, built of timbers thirty-five feet long, four inches thick, and sixteen inches wide, with four-inch guards on either side, to keep the wheels from slipping off. The wagons are loaded on the train in the order observed in leaving the ground, which is always the same. The eight flat cars at the head of the train are built so that the wagons roll easily along the whole length, passing from one car to the next without jolting or delay. The first to be loaded is the heavy cook-wagon—the one that is hurried away to the grounds every morning, with chimneys smoking like a fire engine. As soon as the railroad is reached, the six horses that drew it are unhitched and driven back for another load, while the railroad gang, trained to the work, quickly push the wagon up the easy runs, and then roll it down the whole length of the train, so that it stands at the head, on the farthest car, where the unloading will begin next morning. Thus the first wagon loaded at night is the first unloaded in the morning, and so on with all the others, an invariable order being maintained.

This nightly loading of the circus train, under the glare of electric lights and moving lanterns, furnishes a strange picture, scarcely less interesting to the onlooking crowds than the erection of the tents in the morning. Every moment another

TAKING DOWN SEATS IN THE BIG TENT WHILE THE "CONCERT" IS IN PROGRESS.

By the time the "concert" ends, most of the furniture of the tent has been loaded into the wagons for transportation to the train.

wagon comes lumbering up, drawn by four, six, or eight horses, which, trained to their work, bring the wagon to the very foot of the runs, and then leave it to the men, trotting away to the grounds, with a great clanking of chains, for the last haul of the day. As the men seize the heavy wagons and hurry them into their places far down the train, their strength seems prodigious, but it is really skill and the knowledge of how and when to exert themselves.

THE MAN IN COMMAND.

In the centre of the busy groups is Byron Rose, watching everything, giving orders

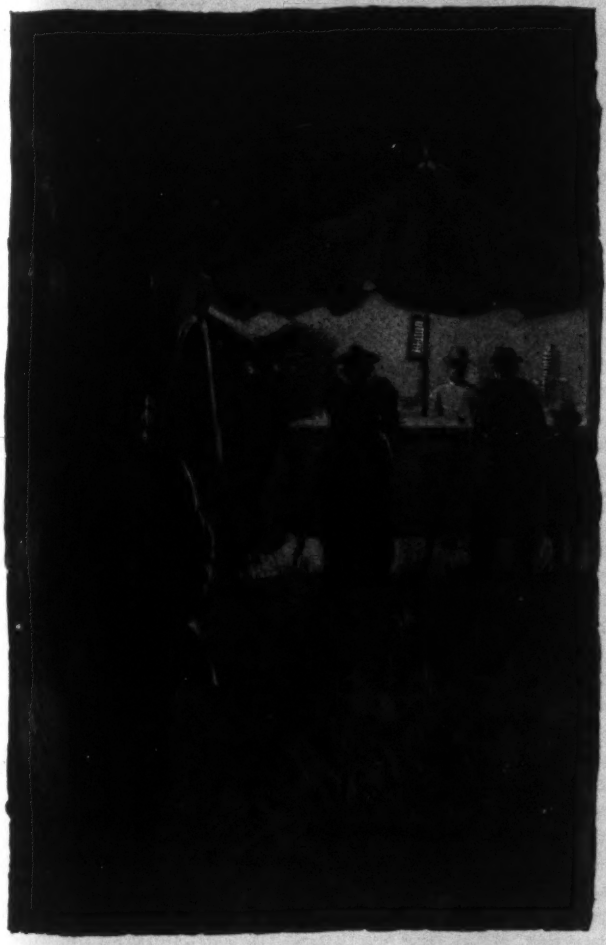
rapidly, tersely, with the quick decision of a man who has for twenty years past been working twenty hours a day, and who delights in emergencies, for the mere pleasure of overcoming them. His eyes see everything in a moment: the mistake of a driver in turning his horses too sharply; the danger of collision between two wagons; the need of more men to push on one side of the runs; the arrival of the elephants, in his mind, and he shouts out his orders like a general, upbraiding a man here for some mistake, despatching men up and down the long line of cars with instructions, stimulating each man to his fullest exertion, and hurrying on the operation of loading as if a minute lost were a disaster, as it is, for the first section of the train must be ready to pull out at fifteen minutes after midnight, with three hundred

LOADING THE TRAINS.

In this instance the wagon is drawn upon the car by horses, the man at the wagon-tongue keeping it in the runs.

which must be driven half a mile down the tracks, where their huge stable-cars are waiting; the fact that the wagons are coming too fast or too slow for his force of men; the danger of delay from a passing train that has just been flagged; the advisability of shunting ahead Section 1, on which his men are now working, and drawing down Section 3, on which the menagerie wagons must be loaded. These and a hundred other things are constantly workmen packed away in tiers in the three brown sleepers, with two hundred horses ranged along in seven stock cars, with all the canvas of the twelve tents, and all the poles and stakes, and all the apparatus and utensils of the cook-tent securely stowed away. Then there are two other sections, equally long, both of which must be loaded and in motion by one o'clock in the morning.

The second section contains eleven flat



A CAFÉ AT THE TRAIN—MIDNIGHT.

cars and six top cars, and carries all the ponies and ring-horses, at least a hundred in number, and some of them animals of great value; all the seats and supports for the great circus tent, all the stringers, and the wardrobe-wagon. The third section has nine flat cars for the cages, a trunk car, four elephant cars, and four sleepers, including the proprietor's private car and the cars for the performers, the Congress of Nations, and the side-show "freaks." This section carries two hundred people, while some five hundred more, including forty-five grooms, twenty-four animal men, six elephant men, thirty-two ring-stock men, twenty-eight wardrobe men, sixty-five cook-house men, eighty-five canvasmen, eighteen property men, are carried in the first two trains; some in the animal cars, watching over their charges, others tiered up in narrow bunks, some sleeping in a narrow space above the elephants and camels, some in the baggage-car.

By one o'clock the last one of at least a hundred wagons, cages, and chariots has found its place, the three sections are under way, and a circus day's work is finished.

Now Commander Byron Rose may turn in for his "night's" sleep. Let us hope it will be at least sound; for in *three* hours he must be up and unloading his trains again. And this is only a part of his work. When not busy with the trains, Mr. Rose is on the circus ground, taking tickets at the door, or assisting in some other of the countless tasks there. Thus, from three o'clock in the morning until midnight, he is lucky if he gets one hour to himself for a nap. And this is the life he has led for twenty years. But he does not seem to regard it as a hardship. For one thing, he is accustomed to it, and he sees everyone about him leading a life of the same sort, not excepting Mr. Bailey himself. It is pleasant to know that it has rewarded Mr. Rose with a fortune; not, though, because he is paid more than men in other walks of life who do scarcely half as much work, but because his time has been so absolutely absorbed in the circus that he has literally never had time to spend the money he has earned. Some day he will withdraw from the show business, and take the rest which he has certainly earned. When that day comes, it will be interesting to know what he does with his time and money.

THE GOVERNOR OF GUÈRET.

A STORY OF ADVENTURE.

By Stanley J. Weyman,

Author of "A Gentleman of France," "My Lady Rotha," etc.

MY appointment to represent the king at the Assembly of Châtelherault had carried me in the month of July, 1605, into Poitou. Being there, and desirous of learning for myself whether the arrest of Auvergne had pacified his country to the extent described by the king's agents, I determined to take advantage of a vacation of the Assembly and venture as far in that direction as Guèret; though Henry, fearing lest the malcontents should make an attempt on my person in revenge for the death of Biron, had strictly charged me not to approach within twenty leagues of the Limousin.

I had with me for escort at Châtelherault a hundred horse; but, these seeming to be either too many or too few for the purpose, I took with me only ten picked men with Colet their captain, five servants heavily armed, and of my gentlemen Boisrueil and La Font. Parabère, to whom I opened my mind, consented to be my companion. I gave out that I was going to spend three days at Preuilly, to examine an estate there which I thought of buying, that I might have a residence in my government; and, having amused the curious with this statement, I got away at daybreak, and by an hour before noon was at Touron, where I stayed for dinner. That night we lay at a village, and the next day dined at St. Marcel. The second afternoon we reached Crozant.

Here I began to observe those signs of neglect and disorder which, at the close of the war, had been common in all parts of France, but in the more favored districts had been erased by a decade of peace. Briers and thorns choked the roads, which ran through morasses, between fields which the husbandman had resigned to tares and undergrowth. Ruined hamlets were common, and everywhere wolves and foxes and all kinds of game abounded. But that which roused my ire to the hottest was the state of the bridges, which in this country, where the fords are in winter impassable, had been allowed to fall into utter decay. On all sides I found the peasants oppressed, disheartened, and primed with tales of the king's severity, which those who had just cause to dread him had instilled into them. Bands of robbers committed daily excesses, and, in a word, no one thing was wanting to give the lie to the rose-colored reports with which Bareilles, the Governor of Guèret, had amused the Council.

I confess that, at sight and thought of these things—of this country so devoured, the king's authority so contemned, all evils laid at his door, all his profits diverted—my anger burned within me, and I said more to Parabère than was perhaps prudent, telling him, in particular, what I designed against Bareilles, of whose double-dealing I needed no further proof; by what means I proposed to lull his suspicions for the moment, since we must lie at Guèret, and how I would afterwards, on the first occasion, have him seized and punished.

I forgot, while I avowed these things, that one weakness of Parabère's character which rendered him unable to believe evil of anyone. Even of Bareilles, though the two were the merest acquaintances, he could only think indulgently, because, forsooth, he too was a Protestant. He began to defend him, therefore, and, seeing how the ground lay, after a time I let the matter drop.

Still I did not think that he had been serious in his plea, and that which happened on the following morning took me completely by surprise. We had left Crozant an hour, and I was considering whether, the road being bad, we should even now reach Guèret before night, when Parabère, who had made some excuse to ride forward, returned to me with signs of embarrassment in his manner.

"My friend," he said, "here is a message from Bareilles."

"How?" I exclaimed. "A message? For whom?"

"For you," he said; "the man is here."

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"But how did Bareilles know that I was coming?" I asked.

Parabère's confusion furnished me with the answer before he spoke. "Do not be angry, my friend," he said. "I wanted to do Bareilles a good turn. I saw that you were enraged with him, and I thought that I could not help him better than by suggesting to him to come and meet you in a proper spirit, and make the explanations which I am sure that he has it in his power to make. Yesterday morning, therefore, I sent to him"

"And he is here?" I said dryly.

Parabère admitted with a blush that he was not. His messenger had found Bareilles on the point of starting against a band of plunderers who had ravaged the country for a twelvemonth. He had sent me the most civil messages, therefore—but he had not come. "However, he will be at Guèret to-morrow," Parabère added cheerfully.

"Will he?" I said.

"I will answer for it," he answered. "In the meantime, he has done what he can for our comfort."

"How?" I said.

"He bids us not to attempt the last three leagues to Guèret to-night; the road is too bad. But to stay at Saury, where there is a good inn, and to-morrow morning he will meet us there."

"If the brigands have not proved too much for him," I said.

"Yes," Parabère answered, with a simplicity almost supernatural. "To be sure."

After this, it was no use to say anything to him, though his officiousness would have justified the keenest reproaches. I swallowed my resentment, therefore, and we went on amicably enough, though the valley of the Creuse, in its upper and wilder part, through which our road now wound, offered no objects of a kind to soften my anger against the governor. I saw enough of ruins, of blocked defiles, and overgrown roads; but of returning prosperity and growing crops, and the king's peace, I saw no sign—not so much as one dead robber.

About noon we alighted to eat a little at a wretched tavern by one of the innumerable fords. A solitary traveller who was here before us, and for a time kept aloof, wearing a grand and mysterious manner with a shabby coat, presently moved, edging himself up to me where I sat a little apart, eating with Parabère and my gentlemen.

"Sir," he said, on a sudden and without preface, "I see that you are the leader of this party."

As I was more plainly dressed than Parabère, and had been giving no orders, I wondered how he knew; but I answered, without any remark, "Well, sir, and what of that?"

"You are in great danger," he replied.

"I?" I said.

"Yes, sir; you!" he answered.

"You know me?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Not I," he said, "but those who speak by me. Enough that you are in danger."

"From what?" I asked sceptically; while my companions stared, and the troopers and servants, who were just within hearing, listened open-mouthed.

"A one-eyed woman and a one-eyed house," he answered darkly. Then, before I could frame a question, he turned from me as abruptly as he had come, and mounting a sorry mare that stood near, stumbled away through the ford.

It required little wit to see that the man was an astrologer, and one whose predictions, if they had not profited his clients more than himself, had been ominous indeed. I was inclined, therefore, to make sport of him, knowing that the pretenders to that art are to the true men as ten to one. But his words, and particularly the fact that he had asked for nothing, had impressed my followers differently; so that they talked of nothing else while we ate, and could still be heard discussing him in the saddle. The wildness of the road and the gloomy aspect of the valley had doubtless some effect on their minds, which a thunder-storm that shortly afterwards overtook us and drenched us to the skin did not tend to lighten. I was glad to see the roofs of Saury before us; though, on a nearer approach, we found all the houses except the inn ruined and tenantless, and even that scorched and scarred, with the great gate that had once closed its courtyard prostrate in the road before it.

However, in view of the country we had come through, and the general desolation, we were thankful to find things no worse. The village stood at the entrance to a gorge, with the Creuse—here a fast-rushing stream—running at the back of the inn. The latter was of good size, stone-built and tiled, and at first seemed to be empty; but the servants presently unearthed a man and then a boy. Fires were lit, and the horses stabled; and a second room with a chimney being found, Parabère and I, with Colet and my gentlemen,

took possession of it, leaving the kitchen to my following.

I had had my boots removed, and was drying my clothes and expecting supper, when Boisrueil, who was beside me, uttered an exclamation of amazement.

"What is it?" I said.

He did not answer, and I followed his eyes. A woman had just entered the room with a bundle of sticks. She had one eye!

I confess that, for an instant, this staggered me; but a moment's thought reminded me that the astrologer had come from this inn to us, and I smiled at the credulity which would have built on a coincidence that was no coincidence. When the woman had retired again, therefore, I rallied Boisrueil on his timidity; but, though he admitted the correctness of my reasoning, I saw that he was not entirely convinced. He started whenever a shutter flapped, or the draughts, which searched the grim old building through and through, threatened to extinguish our lights. He hung cloaks over the windows—to obviate the latter inconvenience, he said—and was continually going out and coming back with gloomy looks. Parabère joined me in rallying him, which we did without mercy; but when I had occasion, after a while, to pass through the outer room, I found that he was not alone in his fears. The troopers sat moodily listening, or muttered together, while the cup passed round in silence. When I bade a man go on an errand to the stable, four went; and when I dropped a word to the woman who was attending to her pot, a dozen heads were stretched out to catch the answer.

Such a feeling—to which, in this instance, the murmur of the stream and the steady downpour of rain doubtless added something—is so contagious that I was not surprised to find Colet and La Font sinking under it. Only Parabère, in fact, rose quite superior to the notion, laughed at their fears, and drank to their better spirits; and, making the best of the situation, as became an old soldier, presently engaged me in tales of the war—fought again the siege of Laon, and buried men whose bodies had lain for ten years under the oaks at Fontaine Françoise.

Talk of this kind, which we still maintained after we had despatched our supper, was sufficiently engrossing to erase Boisrueil's fancies entirely from my mind. They were recalled by his sudden entrance, with Colet at his elbow, the faces of both full of importance. I saw that they had something to say, and asked what it was.

"We have been examining the back gate, Monsieur le Marquis," Colet said.

"Well, man?"

"It is barricaded, and cannot be opened," he answered.

"Well," I said again, "there is nothing wonderful in that. Anyone can see that there has been rough work here. The front gate was stormed, I suppose, and the back one left standing."

"But it is so barricaded that it is not possible to open it," he objected. "And the men have an idea——"

"Well?" I said, seeing that he hesitated.

"That this is a one-eyed house."

Parabère laughed loudly. "Of course it is!" he said. "That strolling rogue saw the gate as well as the woman, and made his profit of them."

"Pardon, sir!" Boisrueil answered bluntly. "That is just what he did not do!"

"Well," I said, silencing him by a gesture, "is that all?"

"No," he replied; "I have tasted the men's wine."

"And it is drugged?"

"No," he said. "On the contrary, it is a great deal too good for the price—or the house. And you ordered a litre apiece. Some have had two, and not asked twice for it!"

"Ho, ho!" I said, staring at him. "Are you sure of that?"

"Quite!" he said.

I was genuinely startled at last; but Parabère still made light of it. "What!" he said. "Are we a pack of nervous women, or one poor traveller in a solitary inn, that we see shadows and shake at them?"

"The inn is solitary enough," Boisrueil grumbled.

"But we are twenty swords!" Parabère retorted, opening his eyes wide. "Why, I have ridden all day in an enemy's country with less!"

"And been beaten with more at Craon."

"But, man alive, that was in a battle, and by an army!"

"Well, and there may be a battle and an army here," Boisrueil answered sulkily.

I was inclined to laugh at this as extravagance; but seeing that La Font and Colet sided with Boisrueil, I remembered that the latter was no coward, though a great gossip, and I thought better of it. Accordingly, resolving to look into the thing myself, I bade La Font fetch a couple of lanterns, and, when he had done so, went out with him and Boisrueil as if I had a mind to go round the horses before I

retired. Parabère declined to accompany me, on the ground that he would not be at the pains of it; and Colet I left in the kitchen to keep an eye on the man and woman.

There was no moon, rain was still falling, and the yard, crowded with steaming, shivering horses, was dreary enough where the lanterns displayed it; but, accustomed to such a sight, I made, without regarding it, for the gate, which a moment's examination showed to be barricaded, as they had described, with great beams and stones. In this there was nothing beyond the ordinary, one entrance to a house being in troublous times better than two; but Boisrueil bidding me kneel and look lower, I found, when I did so, that the soil under the beams—which did not touch the ground by some inches—was wet, and I began to understand. When he asked me at what hour rain had begun to fall, I answered two in the afternoon, and drew at once the inference at which he aimed—that the beams had been put there, and the gate barricaded, at some later hour.

"We reached here at six," he said; "it was done sometime between two and six, my lord; therefore to-day. To-day," he repeated in a low voice; "and by a dozen men at least. Fewer could not move those beams."

"And the object?"

"To prevent our escape."

"But who are they?" I said, looking at him.

"The woman knows," he answered. "We must ask her, my lord."

I assented; and we went back into the house, where it would not have surprised me if we had found the wretches flown and the nest empty. But Colet had done his work too well. They were both there, and in a moment, at a signal from Boisrueil, were secured and pinioned. Parabère, hearing the scuffle, came out and would have remonstrated, but I silenced him with a sharp word; and, despatching La Font with a couple of discreet men to keep watch in the court that we might not be surprised, I bade one of the servants throw some fir-cones on the fire. These, blazing up, filled the squalid room in a moment with a glare of light, which revealed alike the livid faces of the two prisoners and the excited looks and dark countenances of my escort.

I bade them put the woman forward first, and addressed her sternly, telling her that I knew all, and that she would do well to confess, inasmuch as if she made a clean breast of the matter, I would grant her her life; and if she did not, she would be the first to die, since I would hang her were a single shot fired against the house.

The promise found her unmoved, but the threat, uttered in a tone which showed that I was in earnest, proved more effectual. With an ugly look, under which my men shrank as if her eye had power to scorch them, the hag said that she would confess, and, with impotent rage, admitted the truth of Boisrueil's surmises. The rearward gate had been barricaded that afternoon by the Great Band, who had had notice of our coming, and intended to attack us at midnight. I asked her how many they mustered.

"A hundred," she answered sullenly.

"Very well," I said. "And supposing that we do not wait for them, how shall we escape? By the road to Guèret?"

"Fifty lie in ambush on it."

"By the road by which we came?"

"The other fifty lie there."

"Across the river?"

"There is no ford."

"Then in the village? If we seize some other building?"

"The village is watched, and this house," she answered, with a sparkle of joy in her eye.

At that the position began to assume so serious an aspect that I turned to Parabère to take his advice. We numbered twenty in all, and were well armed; but five to one are large odds, and we had little ammunition, while, for all we knew, the house might be fired with ease from the outside. The roads north and south being occupied, and the river enclosing us on the west, there remained only one direction in which escape seemed possible; but, as we knew nothing of the country, and the brigands everything, the desperate idea of plunging into it blindly, at night, and with pursuers at our heels, was dismissed as soon as formed.

Parabère interrupted these calculations by drawing me aside into the room in which we had supped, where, after rallying me on the whimsical notion of the Grand Master of the Ordnance and Governor of the Bastile being besieged in a paltry inn, he confessed that he had been wrong, and that the adventure was likely to prove serious. "Ten to one this is the very band that Bareilles is pursuing," he said.

"Very likely," I answered bluntly; "but the question is, how are we to evade them. Are we to fight or fly?"

"Well, for fighting," he replied coolly, "the front gate lies in the road, there are no shutters to half the windows, the door is crazy, and there is a thatched penthouse against one wall."

"And no help nearer than Guèret."

"Three leagues," he assented. "And from that we are cut off. Fifty men in the gorge might hold it against five hundred. Better man the courtyard here than that, tether the horses in the gateway, and fight it out."

"Perhaps so," I said; and we looked at one another, hearing through the open door the men muttering and whispering in the kitchen, and above their voices the dull murmur of the stream, which seemed of a piece with the bleak night outside, the ruined hamlet, and the danger that lurked round us. Bitterly repenting the hardihood that had led me to expose myself to such risks in breach of the king's commandment, I found it difficult to direct my mind to the immediate question. So many reflections connected with my mission at Châtelherault and other affairs of state would intrude, that I seemed to be occupied rather with the results of my death at this juncture, and particularly the injury which it must inflict on the king's service, than with the question how I could escape.

However, Parabère soon recalled me to the point. "It is now ten o'clock," he said in a placid tone; "we have two hours."

"Yes," I answered; then, as if my mind had all the time been running in an undercurrent to the desired goal, I continued: "And we must make the most of them. We must remove the barricade, in the dark and quietly, from the rear to the front gate. Do you see? Then the moment they sound the attack in front we must slip out at the back, make a dash for the road, and through the gorge to Guèret."

"Good," Parabère assented, with the utmost coolness. "Why not? Let us do it."

We went in, and in a moment the orders were given, and, the men being charged to be silent and to make as little noise as possible over the work, we had every hope of accomplishing it undetected. To go out into the road and raise and replace the shattered gate would have been too bold a step. We contented ourselves, therefore, with removing four great baulks of timber from the one gate to the other, and placing them across the gap in such a manner that, being supported by large stones, they formed a pretty high barrier. To these, at Boisrueil's suggestion, were added three doors which we forced from their hinges in the house, and behind the whole, to cover our retreat the better, we tethered six sumpter horses in two lines.

It remained only to unbar the rear gate and see that it opened easily. This being done, as we had done all the rest, stealthily and in darkness, and by men who dared not speak above a whisper, I gave the word to hang the male prisoner and gag and bind the woman. Colet undertook these duties, and with a grim humor of his own hung the rascally host on the threshold where the brigands must run against him when they entered. Then I directed every man to saddle and bridle his nag and stand by it, and so we waited with what patience we might for the *dénouement*.

It seemed very long in coming, yet when it did, what with the restless movements of the horses and the melancholy murmur of the stream, it well-nigh took us by surprise. It was Boisrueil who touched my sleeve and made me aware of a low trampling on the road outside, a sound that had scarcely become clearly audible before it ceased. I judged that the moment was come, and passed the word in a whisper to open the gates. Unfortunately, they creaked, and I feared for a moment that I had been premature; but before they were more than ajar, a harsh whistle startled the silence, a flare blazed up on the road, and a voice cried to charge.

On the instant the ground shook under the assailants' rush, but the barricade, which doubtless took the rogues by surprise, brought them to a sudden stop, and gave us time to file out. The heavy rain which was falling served to cover our movements almost as well as the baggage horses which we had posted for the purpose; while we ran the less risk, inasmuch as the flare they had kindled lit up the upper part of the house, but left the courtyard in perfect darkness.

Naturally, once outside, we did not linger to see what happened, but, filing in a line and like ghosts up the bank of the stream, were glad to hit on the road a hundred and fifty paces away, where it entered the gorge. Here, where it was as dark as pitch, we whipped our horses into a canter and made a good pace for half a league, then, drawing rein, let our horses trot until the league was out. By that time we were through the gorge, and I gave the word to pull up, that we might listen and learn whether we were pursued. Before the order had quite brought us to a standstill, however, two figures on a sudden rose out

of the darkness before us and barred the way. I was riding in the front rank, abreast of Parabère and La Font, and I had just time to lay my hand on a pistol when one of the figures spoke.

"Well, Monsieur le Capitaine, what luck?" he cried, advancing, and drawing rein to turn with us.

I saw his mistake, and, raising my hand to check those behind, muttered in my beard that all had gone well.

"You got the man?"

"Yes," I said, peering at him through the darkness.

"Good!" he answered. "Then now for Bareilles, supper, and a full purse; and afterwards, for me, the quietest corner of France! The king will make a fine outcry, and I do not trust one gov——"

In a flash Parabère had him by the throat, and dragged him in a grip of iron on to the withers of his horse. Still he managed to utter a cry, and the other rascal, taking the alarm, whipped his horse round, and in a second got a start of twenty paces. Colet, a light man and well mounted, was after him in a trice, and we heard them go ding-dong, ding-dong, through the darkness for a mile or more—as it seemed to us. Then a sharp scream came faintly down the wind.

"Good!" Parabère said cheerfully. "Let us be jogging." He had tied his prisoner neck and knees over the saddle before him.

"You heard what he said?" I muttered, as we moved on.

"Perfectly," he answered in the same tone.

"And you think?"

"I think, Grand Master," he replied dryly, "that the sooner you are out of La Marche and Bareilles's government, the longer you are likely to live."

I was quite of that opinion myself, having drawn the same inferences from the words the prisoner had uttered. But for the moment I had no alternative save to go on, and put a bold face on the matter; and accordingly I led the way forward at as fast a pace as the darkness and the jaded state of our horses permitted. Colet presently joined us, and half an hour later a bunch of lights which appeared on the side of a hill in front proclaimed that we were nearing Guèret. From this point, half a league across a rushy bottom and through a ford brought us to the gate, which opened before we summoned it. I had taken care to call to the van one of my men who knew the town; and he guided us quickly, no one challenging us, through a number of foul, narrow streets and under dark archways, among which a stranger must have gone astray. We reached at last a good-sized square, on one side of which—though the rest of the town lay buried in darkness—a large building, which I judged to be Bareilles's residence, exposed a dozen lighted windows to the street. Two or three figures lounged half-seen on the wide stone steps which led up to the entrance, and the rattle of dice, with a murmur of voices, came from the windows. Without a moment's hesitation I dismounted at the foot of the steps, and, bidding La Font and Boisrueil attend me, with three of the servants, I directed Colet to withdraw with the rest and the horses to the farther end of the square.

Dreading nothing so much as that I might lose the advantage of surprise, I put aside two of the men on the steps who would have questioned me, and strode boldly across the stone landing at the head of the flight. Here I found two doors facing me, and foresaw the possibility of error; but I was relieved from the burden of choosing by the sudden appearance at one of them of Bareilles himself. The place was lit only by an oil-lamp, and, for a reason best known to himself, he did not look directly at me, but stood with his head half-turned as he said: "Well, Martin, is it done?"

I heard the dicers hold their hands to catch the answer, and in the silence a bottle in some unsteady hand clinked against a glass. Through the half-open door behind him it was possible to see a long table, laid and glittering with steel and plate; and all seemed to wait.

Parabère broke the spell. "We are late!" he said in a ringing voice, which startled the governor as if it had been the voice of doom. "But we could not have found you better prepared, it seems. Do you always sup as late as this?"

For a moment the villain could not speak, but leaned against the doorpost, with his cheeks gone white and his jaw fallen, the most pitiable spectacle to be conceived. I affected to see nothing, however, but went by him easily, and into the room, drawing off my gauntlets as I entered. The dicers, from their seats beside a table on the hearth, gazed at me, turned to stone. I took up a glass, filled it, and drank it off. "Now I am better!" I said. "But this is not the warmest of welcomes, Monsieur de Bareilles."

He muttered something, looked fearfully

from one to another of us, and, his hand shaking, filled a glass and pledged me. The wine gave him courage and impudence; he began to speak; and though his hurried sentences and excited manner must have betrayed him to the least suspicious, we pretended to see nothing, but rather to congratulate ourselves on his late hours and timely preparations. And certainly nothing could have seemed more cheerful in comparison with the squalid inn and miry road from which we came than this smiling feast, if death had not seemed to my eyes to lurk behind it.

"I thought it likely that you would lie at Saury," he said, with a ghastly smile.

"And yet made this preparation for us?" I answered, politely, yet letting a little of my real mind be seen. "Well, as a fact, Monsieur Bareilles, save for one thing we should have lain there."

"And that thing?" he asked, his tongue almost failing him as he put the question.

"The fact that you have a villain in your company," I answered.

"What?" he stammered.

"A villain, Monsieur le Capitaine Martin," I continued, sternly. "You sent him out this morning against the Great Band; instead, he took it upon him to lay a plot for me, from which I have only narrowly escaped."

"Martin?"

"Yes, Monsieur de Bareilles, Martin!" I answered roundly, fixing him with my eyes; while Parabère went quietly to the door, and stood by it. "If I am not mistaken, I hear him at this moment dismounting below. Let us understand one another therefore. I propose to sup with you, but I shall not sit down until he hangs."

It would be useless for me to attempt to paint the mixture of horror, perplexity, and shame which distorted Bareilles's countenance as I spoke these words. While Parabère's attitude and my demeanor gave him clearly to understand that we suspected the truth, if we did not know it, our coolness and the very nature of my demand imposed upon his fears and led him to believe that we had a regiment at our call. He knew, too, that that which might be done in a ruined hamlet might not be done in the square at Guèret, and his knees trembled under him. He muttered that he did not understand; that we must be mistaken. What evidence had we?

"The best!" I answered, grimly. "If you wish to hear it, I will send for it; but witnesses have sometimes loose tongues, Monsieur Bareilles, and he may not stop at the Capitaine Martin."

He started and glared at me. From me his eyes passed to Parabère; then he shuddered, and looked down at the table. As he leaned against it, I heard the glasses tinkling softly. At last he muttered that the man must have a trial.

I shrugged my shoulders, and would have answered that that was his business; but at the moment a heavy step rang on the stone steps, the door was flung hastily open, and a dark-complexioned man came in with his hat on. The stranger was splashed to the chin, and his face wore an expression of savage annoyance; but this gave place, the instant he saw us, to one of intense surprise, while the words he had had on his lips died away, and he stood nonplussed. I turned to Monsieur de Bareilles. "Who is this?" I said, harshly.

"One of my lieutenants," he answered, in a stifled tone.

"Monsieur le Capitaine Martin?"

"The same," he answered.

"Very well," I replied. "You have heard my terms."

He stood clutching the table, and in the bright light of the candles that burned on it his face was horrible. Still he managed to speak. "Monsieur le Capitaine, call four men," he muttered.

"Monsieur?" the captain answered.

"Call four men—four of your men," Bareilles repeated with an effort.

The captain turned and went downstairs in amazement, returning immediately after with four troopers at his heels.

Bareilles's face was ghastly. "Take Monsieur le Capitaine's sword," he said to them.

The captain's jaw fell, and, stepping back a pace, he looked from one to another. But all were silent; he found every eye upon him, and, doubtful and taken by surprise, he unbuckled his sword and flung it with an oath upon the floor.

"To the garden with him!" Bareilles continued, hoarsely. "Quick! Take him! I will send you your orders."

They laid hands on the man mechanically, and, unnerved by the suddenness of the affair, the silence, and the presence of so many strangers—ignorant, too, what was doing or what was meant—he went unresisting. They marched him out heavily; the door closed behind them; we stood waiting. The glittering table, the lights, the arrested dicers, all the trivial preparations for a carouse that at another time

must have given a cheerful aspect to the room, produced instead the most sombre impression. I waited, but, seeing that Bareilles did not move, I struck the table with my gauntlet. "The order!" I said, sharply; "the order!"

He slunk to a table in a corner where there was ink, and scrawled it. I took it from his hand, and, giving it to Boisrueil, "Take it," I said, "and the three men on the landing, and see the order carried out. When it is over, come and tell me."

He took the order and disappeared, La Font after him. I remained in the room with Parabère, Bareilles, and the dicers. The minutes passed slowly, no one speaking, Bareilles standing with his head sunk on his breast, and a look of utter despair on his countenance. At length Boisrueil and La Font returned. The former nodded.

"Very well," I said. "Then let us sup, gentlemen. Come, Monsieur de Bareilles, your place is at the head of the table. Parabère, sit here. Gentlemen, I have not the honor of knowing you, but here are places."

And we supped; but not all with the same appetite. Bareilles, silent, despairing, a prey to the bitterest remorse, sat low in his chair, and, if I read his face aright, had no thought but of vengeance. But, assured that by forcing him to that which must forever render him odious—and particularly among his inferiors—I had sapped his authority at the root, I took care only that he should not leave us. I directed Colet to unsaddle and bivouac in the garden, and myself lay all night with Parabère and Bareilles in the room in which we had supped, Boisrueil and La Font taking turns to keep the door.

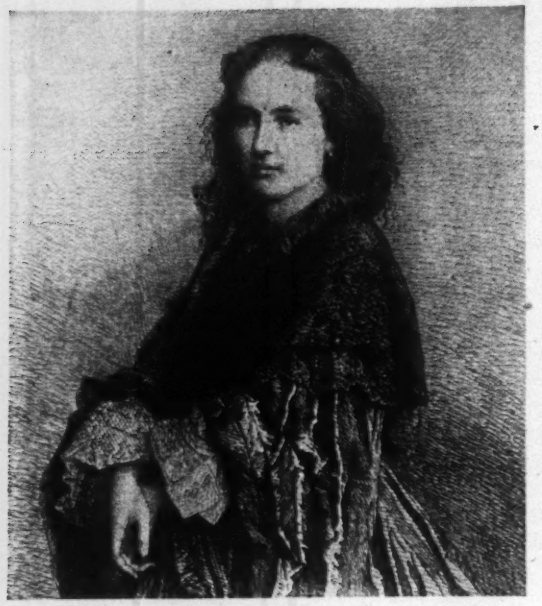
To have betrayed too much haste to be gone might have proved as dangerous as a long delay; and our horses needed rest. But an hour before noon next day I gave the order, and we mounted in the square, in the presence of a mixed mob of soldiers and townsfolk, whom it needed but a spark to kindle. I took care that that spark should be wanting, however; and to that end I compelled Bareilles to mount and ride with us as far as Saury. Here, where I found the inn burned and the woman murdered, I should have done no more than justice had I hung him as well; and I think that he half expected it. But reflecting that he had a score of relations in Poitou who might give trouble, and, besides, that his position called for some degree of consideration, I parted with him gravely, and hastened to put as many leagues between us as possible. That night we slept at Crozant, and the next at St. Gaultier.

It was chiefly in consequence of the observations I made during this journey that Henry, in the following October, marched into the Limousin with a considerable force, and received the submission of the governors. In the course of that expedition he put to death ten or twelve of the more disorderly, but Bareilles was not of them. He escaped a fate he richly deserved by flying betimes with Bassignac to Sedan. Of his ultimate fate I know nothing; but a week after my return to the Arsenal, a man called on me who turned out to be the astrologer. I gave him fifty crowns.

"HUMAN DOCUMENTS."

MADAME ADAM.

MADAME ADAM, a series of portraits of whom appears on the next page, is favorably known to the readers of this magazine by her admirable account of Pierre Loti as he appears among his friends and in his own home, published in the April number. She is one of the most accomplished of living French women of letters. Her maiden name was Juliette Lamber, and she was born at Verberie, France, in 1836. Her second husband, Monsieur Edmond Adam, was a deputy for the Department of the Seine, and, at the time of the Franco-Prussian War, was Prefect of Police. He remained in Paris during the siege, and she remained with him, and thus had the experiences which are recorded in her book, "The Siege of Paris: Journal of a Paris Woman." She has published numerous works on political and social subjects, having given special attention to the subject of the position of women; and she has been since its foundation, in 1879, editor of the "Nouvelle Revue." It was in this latter capacity that she was the means of introducing Pierre Loti to the world, his writings first finding publication in the "Nouvelle Revue." Monsieur Adam died in 1877; he was then a life senator. Madame Adam is a social, as well as literary, figure in Paris. She holds stated receptions of quite a formal and impressive character, where are gathered diplomats, naval and military officers, and most of the distinguished foreigners of the day. Russians abound; in old days Skobeleff was a frequent visitor, and men of all parties, from the Duc d'Aumale to the latest radical poet, delight to form part of the throng which fills her *salon*.



MADAME ADAM ABOUT 1856.

MADAME ADAM ABOUT 1870.

MADAME ADAM IN 1886.

SARDOU.

HIS MANNER OF LIFE.—HOW HE WRITES HIS PLAYS.

By Ange Galdemar.

ONE morning, in 1854, Paul Féval, the French novelist, received the visit of a young man of whom he gave later on a very striking picture in the following lines:

"Even as I write this, I still see that delicately modelled face, marked with suffering, discouragement, and yet with force of will; those restless eyes whose short-sighted look belies the truth; those features so admirably shaped, a little too sharp, and even pointed, perhaps, causing me to cast a furtive glance toward his back in search of a possible hump; that forehead so well developed, most intelligent, and crowned with the finest hair that I had ever seen. Something of a child and of an elderly woman were mingled in his face. He was fair yet worn. This, I admit, was a first impression, the result of my quick and curious novelist's glance. I felt I was in the presence of somebody."

This somebody was Monsieur Victorien Sardou, who had just begun his dramatic career by being outrageously hissed at the Odéon with a play entitled "La Taverne des Étudiants." He had come on that morning to ask Paul Féval's collaboration in a play, the scene of which was laid among the trappers of the Hudson Bay Company. This play, "Fleur de Liane," which was never acted, is still in Monsieur Sardou's desk. One wonders if it will ever be drawn out of its obscurity. It would certainly throw a curious light upon the budding talent of the subsequent author of "Patrie," "La haine," "Fédora" and "Théodora." Anyhow, this piece did not please Paul Féval, who, nevertheless, saw instantly the young writer's fertility of invention and his innate sense for the stage. Here is his account, made ten or twelve years later, of young Sardou's description of the play:

"He acted before me in four different *rôles*, assuming himself each character: he crept like the trapper, scalped pale faces, set fire

SARDOU INSTRUCTING MADAME RÉJANE IN HER PART IN "MADAME SANS GÊNE."

to wigwams, stabbed himself as the young hero, fell into perils as the *ingénue*. In fact, he made the piece live before me, indicating the stage setting, arranging the same throughout, lighting the lamps, giving a significance to each arm-chair, to the table, to the clock, to the tongs, to the fire-iron, and even to his handkerchief. He was a real magician. The sharp-featured body was all in motion, his voice was hoarsened, his long hair whipped his pale cheeks. He ended by carrying me away, and that is not very difficult. I was about to tell him that he had persuaded me by his diabolic cleverness, when he stopped suddenly and said:

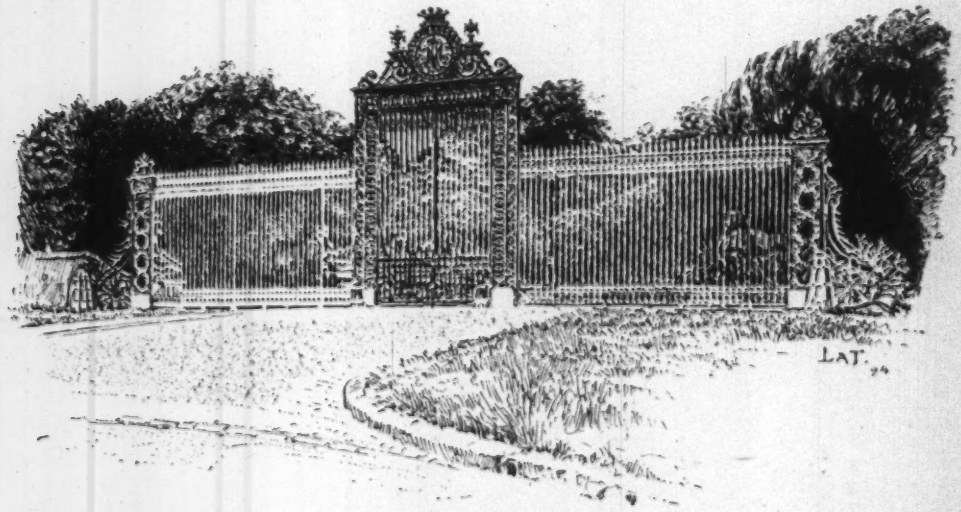
"'All right; I am settled; it's stupid! We shall do something else.'"

And so, indeed, they did. They wrote "Le Bossu," an historical drama, from which Paul Féval took the plot of a novel which he published before the play was performed. As for the play, it was not acted until five or six years after. Then it met with great success, and it always does whenever it is revived. But, owing to certain misunderstandings, Sardou, who had now made a name for himself on the stage, abandoned all his rights in it to Paul Féval, who took to finish it a new collaborateur, Anicet-Bourgeois.

If the original Sardou, the one with the pale, suffering, and restless face, whom we saw just now, has given place to-day to a Sardou of a richer, rounder appearance, the features are still characteristic and the same, as his portraits bear witness. While they have often been compared to those of the young Bonaparte, these features have gradually assumed a likeness to those of Voltaire, to the spiritual family of whom Victorien Sardou undoubtedly belongs by his wit and humor, so neat, so vivid, so cutting, and always alert.

Anyhow, of the two Sardous described by Paul Féval, it is the second who has not changed at all, namely, the Sardou nervous, feverish, fluent, passionate, enthusiastic, eloquent, bewitching and witty enough for half a dozen *hommes d'esprit*. He is a man to play a piece with twenty characters by himself. As Féval just now depicted him, you can see Sardou in his library, discussing an historical point not yet settled, or relating the plot of a comedy which has just occurred to him, or, again, at the rehearsal of one of his plays, revealing to the actors their parts. Was it not Coquelin who said once to a journalist that he owed to Sardou some of his best histrionic effects, and that had not Sardou been an eminent dramatist he would have proved an actor of genius? He is eager in all he does, throwing himself completely into the subject, carried away by it, and dragging you with him, and so nervous! I remember one day in his library, on a ground floor in the rue du Général Foy, he asked me to place the arm-chair in which I sat by the corner of the table, saying that to hear what I was reading to him he must be allowed to walk freely about the room. In fact, he is always moving, unable to stand still, whether he speaks or listens to you.

"Please take a chair," says he, on wel-



THE GATE TO SARDOU'S VILLA AT MARLY.

END OF THE MAIN ALLEY IN SARDOU'S VILLA AT MARLY, WITH MARLY CHURCH OUTSIDE THE GATE.

coming you, "and sit down here by the fire," (for he seems always to be cold, keeping up the logs even in the month of September at Marly).

He then places his own arm-chair opposite yours. But instantly the conversation begins he is on his feet, walking about the library, his hands in his pockets. Your first word is a signal to him for a burst of eloquence, a fine mingling of reminiscence, history, politics, art, literature, painting, all enlivened by striking anecdotes and unexpected sallies. And you find yourself swept away by his contagious speech, following him breathlessly, and even literally, as he paces up and down the room. During this fantastic and almost diabolic promenade, he has flung himself into chairs, and upon tables, snatched up books, documents, old pictures, to illuminate his talk, even, perhaps, dashed off for you, with his rapid and clever pencil, some striking sketch, and found time, in all this, to give orders to his servant and open the messages which pour in incessantly. He is one of the richest, most varied and picturesque talkers of our time, recalling to many the prodigious Dumas the elder, and pointing his talk with a power of facial expression which the latter had not. Whoever has not chatted with Victorien Sardou has no idea of what a *causeur* is.

Moreover, he knows everything, everything that a man of his profession should know, and more. There is a cyclopædia under the man's cap, a cyclopædia the leaves of which turn and rustle on themselves whenever the wind of the talk blows, and from which come forth the most precious, trustworthy, and even surprising details, the most original and unexpected appreciations, not only on the stage, not only on literature, not only on politics and society, not only on history—the history of the French Revolution and the Empire, of which Sardou has made a special study—but on painting, sculpture, architecture, and antiquities in general. For he is a genuine collector, having begun to visit the curiosity shops when very young, and being gifted with a surprising antiquarian sense.

How, therefore, with so vast an erudition, and having in addition to this a most vivid imagination and an original turn of wit, can he help being a most seductive talker? While this description may suggest a fantastic Sardou, flitting, bee-like, from point to point, yet no writer is more seriously erudite, and no one leads a more regular life. Under this sparkling surface is the iron will which has determined Sardou's brilliantly consistent career. His hours of work are as carefully established as his methods are well considered.

Let us take him in his own home.

Summer and winter Sardou is up at seven, in Paris as well as in the country. At half past seven he is in his library, which, in Paris as at Marly, looks to the rising sun; for, like the true Southerner, he adores the sunlight. Seated at his table for two hours,

SARDOU'S COUNTRY HOUSE AT MARLY.

Sardou makes himself responsible for that characteristically undecipherable chirography which is the amazement but delight of his correspondents. He is dressed in a loose suit—trousers and waistcoat—thick warm slippers, woollen shirt, a red silk cravat round the neck, and the eternal velvet cap, that cap which makes him look so much like the French king Louis XI., a look which he will exchange soon for a likeness to Bonaparte, when, at his barber's coming, the cap removed, his luxuriant hair tumbles about his forehead and his cheeks.

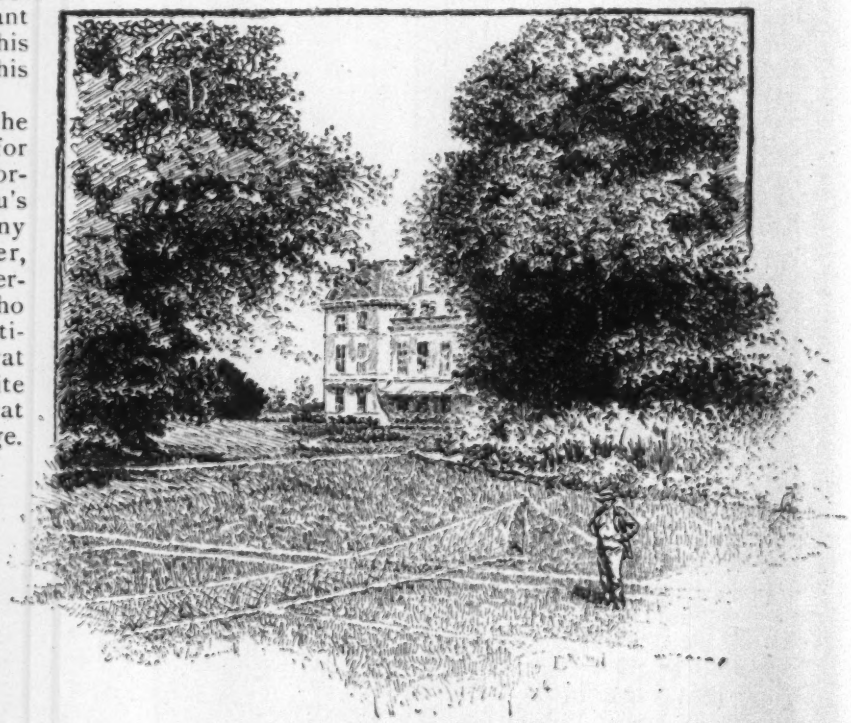
The arrival of the barber is the signal for an important transformation in Sardou's dress, trifling to any superficial observer, but a most characteristic one to those who know the man intimately—the red cravat is replaced by a white one. This white cravat is famous on the stage. All those who have acted in Sardou's plays know it well. It has something of the value of a barometer, being a perfect index of his mood, according as it is tied.

The appearance of the white cravat in Sardou's dress in the morning, means that the time for visitors has come. And now, from nine to eleven, there is a regular procession in his library, made up of the most varied types, from the vendor of old prints and rare books, who comes to speak to the learned collector of his latest find and offer it to him for nothing—oh, for nothing, five hundred francs, a perfect marvel!—to the candidate for the French Academy, writer, scholar, or politician, who comes to solicit the Academician's vote.

But it is now breakfast time.

"Philippe!" says Sardou to his man-servant, "I receive no more. Don't let anybody else in."

It is now half past eleven. Sardou enters the breakfast-room, which is next to the library. As soon as the breakfast is over



SARDOU ON THE TENNIS GROUNDS AT MARLY.

he returns to his library, where, seated by the fireside, he looks over the newspapers, smoking a cigar. At two he goes out, attends to his various occupations—rehearsals, sittings at the Academy, etc. At five, when back, he notes down the ideas which have occurred to him while out of doors; for his mind is never at rest. He rarely goes out after dinner, attending very few receptions and only rarely going to the theatre. At ten he is in bed.

Such is Sardou's life at No. 28 rue de Madrid. His apartment is situated on the fourth floor of a house belonging to Worth, the famous dressmaker.

THE LARGE EMPIRE DRAWING-ROOM AT MARLY.

"Yes, the fourth floor. Do not forget that point," he once said to me, "for dramatists do not earn as much money in writing plays as dressmakers do in clothing the actresses who act in those plays."

A whimsical remark from one of the most successful dramatists of this century pecuniarily.

"But then," do you ask, "when does Sardou take time to write his plays?" Well, we have not followed him yet to Marly. He once said to me:

"In Paris I only busy myself in classifying my ideas. But it is at Marly that I write."

HOW SARDOU WORKS.

Sardou's way of working is as follows: The moment an idea has occurred to him he puts it down, and all the various notes, documents, particulars which have to do with this idea are joined together, forming a sort of *dossier*. When the idea is crystallized into dramatic shape Sardou writes a scenario of a few pages, giving the skeleton, as it were, of the whole play. Then he puts the work aside. All his various schemes are treated in the same way. He has at the present day from seventy to eighty *dossiers* in his drawers, out of which eight or ten plays will come. So, when he has to write a drama or comedy, he only chooses. For instance, "Théodora" was written fifteen years after it originated in the author's mind.

As soon as Sardou's choice is made he reads over all the accompanying notes and documents which pertain to that play, and then he begins to write the drama or comedy, act by act, scene by scene, as they come into his mind. When he has done

this preliminary work, he rewrites the piece on large white quarto paper. The play is then reduced and condensed. It is this second manuscript which is given to the copyist, to whom is intrusted the care of putting it in shape.

All this writing is ordinarily done at Marly. Sardou is not disturbed there as he is in Paris. He has very few visits to pay; he has no Thursday sittings of the Academy, no rehearsals, no dinners, no receptions; an hour of free and intimate talk, now and then, with his neighbor and colleague, Dumas the younger, whose villa is only a few steps off, or a pleasant drive to Versailles, and that is all.

This means that Sardou spends the best of his leisure time in his villa, in that charming country house which is the realization of a youthful dream. He feels so contented there that he never wishes to go away. What a pain on leaving Marly! It is for him like going into exile. All pretences are good to put off the departure. "I regard my Paris house as only a resting-place; my real house is Marly," he told me a few days ago.

How charming the coming of spring! Books, manuscripts, cartoons are packed off to Marly, where now, at last, he can recover wasted hours. At Marly, from seven to twelve, in his library, the fever of work is on him. Yet if he raises his eyes they fall across the slope of the gardens on one of the most spacious and delicious country landscapes accessible to a Parisian. To the visitor now Sardou is out of reach. The servants will tell you that the master is only visible by previous engagements. One hour for breakfast, and here he is again in the library, where he works until three P.M.

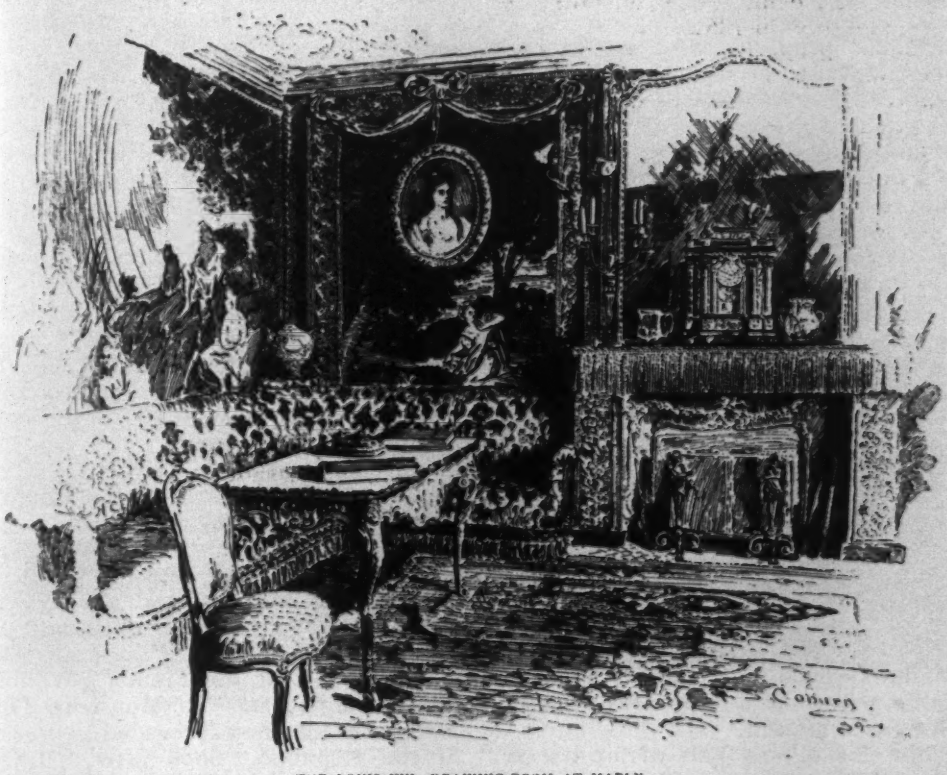
The afternoon is less occupied. Sardou either goes for a chat at Dumas's, or attends the municipal council, of which he is a member, and a very active member,

DÉJEUNER AT MARLY.

too; or he simply takes a walk in the gardens, considering what improvements he can make to his country house, of which he has revived the historical grandeur.

SARDOU'S VILLA AT MARLY.

Victorien Sardou's villa is famous in the history of Marly-le-Roi. The house is built on the very grounds where the feudal castle of the cadets of Montmorency once stood. Louis XIV., having bought the property, had the old castle pulled down, the trenches filled up, and a new house built for the governor of Marly. Sardou bought the place thirty years ago.



THE LOUIS XVI. DRAWING-ROOM AT MARLY.

A very queer and amusing story is that of Sardou's acquisition of the villa. It was on the morrow of his first triumph on the stage. He was spending the summer season at Louveciennes, a charming village close to Marly, when one morning he had to go to the latter place to market. Sardou has never been a good walker. He asked for a carriage. A donkey was brought to him, on which the dramatist began to bob his way towards Marly. With thoughts buried in his new piece, he was suddenly interrupted by the unexpected halt of the wily beast before a ruined country house, the original charm of which drove all other thoughts from his mind.

"What is this property?" he asked of the first peasant passing by.

"The Château de Marly, sir. It's for sale."

In a flash Sardou said to himself: "I will buy it!" And he did. The price asked was one hundred and ten thousand francs (twenty-two thousand dollars). Sardou immediately wrote to his notary proposing one hundred and five thousand francs for it—fifty thousand cash and the remainder, fifty-five thousand, one year after. The bargain was concluded. It is useless to say that the fifty-five thousand francs were paid with the receipts from the play which the author had ruminated while on the donkey's back. This play was "Les Ganaches."

But Marly was to eat out many other plays, and the donkey was to cost dear; for, the moment Sardou had become proprietor of the villa, he wanted to put it in order. And improvements began which will never come to an end, as Sardou embellishes his property every day. As it

now stands, it has a lordly appearance, much such as it must have had in the times of the Roi-Soleil. Of course, it is one of the attractions of the region. Nobody goes to Marly without stopping before Sardou's property. One gazes at the beautiful grounds through the railings of the splendid gate which is at the entrance of the villa. This gate opens on the main alley, which is guarded on each side by sphinxes in rose granite, the very same that were exhibited at the Paris Universal Exhibition in 1867.

Sardou's property, with its grounds, groves, and woods, is a happy mingling of the artificial French gardens and the freer graces of English parks. The house, vast and airy, is of one story in the central part and of two in the adjacent pavilions. In the very vestibule one begins to have an idea of the artistic marvels the house contains—a Louis XV. sledge, two old sedan chairs, old guns, and what not besides? Thence a door opens into a drawing-room of the eighteenth-century style, decorated with rich and delicate tapestries from Beauvais. On the mantelpiece and on the tables are the rarest curiosities, among them the clock which adorned the room of Louis XVI. at Fontainebleau. And beyond, in the library, are new marvels—a little ivory statue of Voltaire, coming from Ferney, the abode of the great philosopher; a marble group by Falconet, and innumerable pictures and drawings of high value. Then what precious documents among the manuscripts on the shelves! For instance, Camille Desmoulins's famous report on Danton, with annotations from the hand of Robespierre himself.

"But this is only part of my library," said Sardou to me. "You must come with me to the top of the house."

And we went up together. The whole floor is full of books; twelve rooms, containing more than twenty thousand volumes. Even these are not all, for Sardou has, at Nice, forty large cases filled up with prints, pictures, engravings, manuscripts, and books of all sorts on the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

Sardou possesses two properties at Nice: "Guardamidio," a farm-house, and another property, situated on a rock overhanging the Mediterranean. This latter has been successively called "Villa Fédora," "Villa Théodora," "Villa Tosca," according to the triumphs of the author on the stage. It is there that Sardou will most probably take up his quarters when Marly becomes too cold for him. The property is situated a few miles off the birthplace of the family, Le Cannet, a small village near Cannes.

SARDOU'S RELATIONS WITH AMERICA.

It was once when wintering at Cannes that the idea of writing "L'Oncle Sam" came to Sardou. This was his first play on American life. He had been acquainted with an American family living in the neighborhood, composed of the father, two daughters, and a little boy. The elder daughter, named Sarah, was very attractive and, besides, a charming talker. Sardou seized the opportunity to induce her to speak on American life. The author became soon so deeply interested that he accompanied the family up to Genoa. On returning thence, Sardou had his play already in his head. In recollection of this unexpected collaboration which his sympathetic companion had unconsciously offered to him, he gave to the heroine of the piece the name of the American lady, Sarah.

One knows the difficulties which "L'Oncle Sam" experienced with the French censorship, the pretence for the interdiction being that the Americans were the object, in this play, of a satire which was likely to prove unpleasant to a friendly nation. This interdiction was maintained not only in spite of the statement made by the son of the American consul, Mr. Washburne, who, after attending a rehearsal of the play, declared that nothing had shocked him, but in spite of the success obtained by the piece in New York, where it was performed. Only the fall of the French government settled the matter. To Monsieur Thiers, Marshal Macmahon succeeded as president of the Republic. Soon after, "L'Oncle Sam" was acted at the Vaudeville with the same success as in New York.

This was not the first time the Americans had had the advantage of viewing a play of Sardou's before the Parisians. A few years earlier the public of New York had received enthusiastically a piece of the author's which had not yet been performed in Paris. That play, "Andrea," was acted in New York under the name of "Agnes," the Christian name of the actress who performed the principal part. This actress, Miss Agnes Ethel, had come to see Sardou in Paris to ask him for an unpublished piece of his. It was the first attempt of this kind which had ever been made in America. Sardou, who spoke no English, took as interpreter his friend De Najac, who was to write "Divorçons" with him later on.

"I have a piece at which I am working," said he, tempted by the offer. "It's for the Gymnase. If the manager does not object, I will give it to you. But you will allow me to marry in the meanwhile, won't you?"

In fact, Sardou was then on the point of getting married. The actress went to Fontainebleau to wait for the completion of the play. She had not to wait long. Two months later, she left for New York with the manuscript of the five acts.

This was the first contract which Sardou signed with an American company. It was to be followed by many others. It is well known how Mr. Frohman, the manager of the Lyceum Theatre, New York, who had come over to Paris to ask of Sardou permission to play "Thermidor," which had just been interdicted at the Comédie Française, went back to America with a new play by the author, "Americans Abroad."

"Don't speak of 'Thermidor,'" said Sardou, annoyed by all the uproar made about the piece.

Mr. Frohman looked disconcerted at this unexpected reception.

"Well," added Sardou, coming soon to an understanding, "I am just finishing a play on American life. Will you have it? It will seem very pleasant to me to be played in America while I am interdicted in France."

Mr. Frohman did not allow the proposal to be made twice.

THE DINING-ROOM AT MARLY AS SEEN FROM THE LOUIS XVI. DRAWING-ROOM.

Sardou's most recent success in America is "Madame Sans Gêne," which, after being first played in English, was presented later in French by Madame Réjane, for whom it was originally written.

We introduced the author, poor and unknown, entering Paul Féval's house, in 1854, to propose to the novelist the idea of a drama on America, which Féval listened to while repressing more than a smile; and we now take leave of him on the morrow of a success obtained in America with an American play—an interval of forty years marked by a long succession of triumphs, and yielding the author millions, earned in large part in America. Paul Féval was decidedly wrong in smiling. The New World was to be the *terre promise* of the young dramatist.

AFTER SEDAN.

By Archibald Forbes,

War Correspondent of the London "Daily News," and author of "My Experiences of the War between France and Germany," etc.

THE twelve hours long battle was ended. The German ring of fire and iron had been closed and riveted around the hapless French army, the shattered relics of which now huddled and cowered around the obsolete defences of Sedan. General Reillé had ridden out from the city to the hill-top on which stood King William and his staff, bearing to the German monarch the laconic letter in which Napoleon tendered the surrender of his sword to the conqueror, and had carried back into Sedan the king's acceptance and his request that the emperor should appoint an officer with powers to treat for the capitulation of the French army. The sun was setting as William and his entourage quitted the hill-top above Frenois, and drove away to his quarters in Vendresse amid the enthusiastic cheering of his victorious soldiers. Inside Sedan wild turmoil and anarchy held sway. The French chiefs bandied taunts and reproaches in the very presence of their fallen master. General Wimpffen had resigned the command in a transport of shame and anger, and only withdrew his resignation and consented to be the plenipotentiary to treat for terms, at the earnest and almost piteous entreaty of the emperor.

As it fell dusk a strange, uncanny silence and stillness succeeded the thunderous noise and turmoil of the day. The smoke of the long cannonade still hung low about the uplands of Floing and Illy, and around the sombre fortifications of Sedan. The whole horizon was lurid with the reflection of fire. All along the valley of the Meuse were the bivouacs of the German host. Two hundred thousand Teuton soldiers lay in a wide circle around their beaten and shattered foe. On hill and in valley glowed in the darkness the flames of burning villages, the glare here and there reflecting itself on the face of the placid Meuse. What were the Germans doing on this their night of consummated triumph? Celebrating their victory by wassail and riot? No. There rose from every camp one unanimous chorus of song, but not the song of ribaldry. The chant that filled the night air was Luther's hymn, the glorious

"Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott."

To listen to this great martial orchestra singing this noble hymn on the field of hard-won victory, was in some measure to understand under what inspiration that victory had been gained.

Late that same evening there was a great concourse of German officers in the little hotel in the square of Donchery. The house, hours earlier, had been eaten out of everything save bread; but there was plenty of wine, and champagne flowed freely. Near midnight Bismarck, uniformed and booted to the thigh, strolled into the *salle à manger*, hungry and demanding supper. He made a formal statement to the assembled officers to the effect that the French emperor had sent to the king the surrender of his sword, and he read in a loud voice a copy of Napoleon's letter. Adding no comments, he led off a hearty cheer and then gave the toasts of "The King" and "The Fatherland." But his supper tarried. An officer went out into the kitchen to ascertain what was being prepared for the chancellor. Alas! the unhappy hostess protested with many *Mon Dieus* that they might eat her if they chose, but that the only food in the place was half a dozen long-kept eggs. From a ham among our stores we contributed sundry slices, and they, with the dubious eggs, were prepared for Bismarck's supper. But even so great a man as he was not exempt from a practical realization of the adage that there is many a slip between the cup and the lip. Between kitchen and dining-room the dish was cut out and carried off by a privateering Uhlan officer, and it was not until after much perquisition through the town that a beefsteak was found, on which Bismarck at last supped, washing it down with a bottle of Donchery champagne.

Thus fortified, the chancellor joined Moltke, whom the king had designated to

treat for the capitulation of the French army. That was a strange conference which was held in the still watches of the night, in the *salon* of a Donchery house. The greetings were curt. Wimpffen verified his powers, and presented to Moltke Generals Faure and Castelnau. Moltke with a brusque wave of the hand introduced Count Bismarck and General Blumenthal, and then seats were taken. On one side of the great centre-table sat the three Germans, Moltke in the centre, with Bismarck on his left and Blumenthal on his right; on the opposite side was Wimpffen, all alone; behind him, somewhat in shadow, Faure, Castelnau, and a few other French officers. Moltke sat silent and impassive, and after an embarrassing pause Wimpffen asked what were the conditions the Prussian king was prepared to accord. "They are very simple," replied Moltke; "the

THE BATTLE OF SEDAN.

From a painting by Emil Hünten, 1877. Reproduced by permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d Street, New York.

whole French army to surrender, with arms and belongings ; the officers to retain their arms, but to be prisoners of war along with their men."

Wimpffen scouted those terms, and demanded for his army that it should be permitted to withdraw with arms, equipment, and colors, on condition of not serving while the war lasted. Moltke adhered inexorably to the conditions he had specified, and was adamant to the pleading of the Frenchman. Losing temper the latter exclaimed, "I cannot accept the terms you impose. I will appeal to the honor and heroism of my army, and will cut my way out or stand on the defence at Sedan."

Moltke's reply was crushing. "A sortie and the defensive," he quietly remarked, "are equally impossible. The mass of your infantry is demoralized ; we took to-day more than twenty thousand unwounded prisoners, and your whole force is not now more than eighty thousand strong. You cannot pierce our lines, for I have surrounding you two hundred and forty thousand men, with five hundred guns in position to fire on Sedan ; you cannot maintain your defensive there, because you have not provisions for forty-eight hours and your ammunition is exhausted. If you desire, I will send one of your officers round our positions, who will satisfy you as to the accuracy of my statements."

Bismarck and Wimpffen entered into a political discussion, in the course of which the chancellor spoke his mind pretty freely, but in which Moltke did not join. Assured that there could be no mitigation of the terms, Wimpffen exclaimed, "Then it is equally impossible for me to sign such a capitulation ; we will renew the battle."

Moltke's quiet curt answer was: "The armistice expires at four A.M. At that hour, to the moment, I shall open fire."

There was nothing more to be said. The Frenchmen called for their horses. Meanwhile not a word was spoken ; in the words of the reporter, "*Ce silence était glacial.*" It was at last broken by Bismarck, who urged Wimpffen not to allow a moment of pique to break off the conference. Wimpffen represented that he alone could not undertake the responsibility of a decision ; that it was necessary that he should consult his colleagues ; that the final answer could not be forthcoming by four A.M., and that a prolongation of the armistice was indispensable. After a short colloquy in low tones between Bismarck and Moltke, the latter gave his consent that the truce should be extended to nine o'clock ; whereupon Wimpffen quitted Donchery and rode back into Sedan.

He went straight to the bedside of the emperor, who, having been informed of the harshness of the German conditions, said : "I shall start at five o'clock for the German headquarters, and shall entreat the king to grant more favorable conditions."

Napoleon acted on his resolution. Expecting that he would be allowed to return to Sedan notwithstanding that he had formally constituted himself prisoner of war, he bade no farewells. As he passed out through the Torcy gate before six o'clock, the Zouaves on duty there shouted "*Vive l'Empereur!*"—"the last adieu which fell upon his ears" from the voices of French soldiers.

It was strange that the first greeting he received as he passed over the drawbridge was a silent and respectful salutation from American officers. General Sheridan and his aide-de-camp Colonel Forsyth, were conversing with the German subaltern on duty on the picket line, when there came out an open carriage containing four officers, one of whom, in the uniform of a general and smoking a cigarette, the American officers recognized as the emperor. They followed the carriage, which went towards Donchery at a leisurely pace. At a hamlet about a mile from Donchery it halted for some time, Napoleon remaining seated in the vehicle, still smoking, and accepting with nonchalance the staring of a group of German soldiers near by who were gazing on the fallen monarch with curious and eager interest.

MEETING BETWEEN NAPOLEON III. AND BISMARCK.

Looking out from my bedroom window into the little square of Donchery at a quarter to six the same morning, I observed a French officer whom I afterwards knew to be General Reillé, turning his horse away from Bismarck's quarters. He was scarcely out of sight when Bismarck, in cap and undress uniform, his long cuirassier boots stained and dusty, came out, swung himself on to his big bay horse, and rode away in Reillé's track. I followed him promptly on foot, but fell behind as he cantered off along the high road to Sedan. Pushing on, about a mile from Donchery I met a rather shabby open carriage, on the right hand of the principal side of which there leant back a man with a leaden-gray face, heavy and impassive,

THE MIDNIGHT CONFERENCE ON THE CAPITULATION OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

Bismarck sits at the table, on the right. Standing beside him, with his hand on the table, is Moltke. Just risen from the table, at the left, is the French commander, General Wimpffen. From a photograph, by permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d Street, New York.

but its lines drawn and deepened as if by some spasm. At a glance I recognized the emperor. He wore a blue greatcoat with scarlet lining, which was thrown back, disclosing the decorations on his breast. Alongside the carriage rode Bismarck, and Reillé with two other French officers followed it. The cortége moved on a few hundred yards, and then at Napoleon's instance halted in front of a weaver's cottage on the roadside. I saw him turn to Bismarck, and heard the request he made for the halt. The cottage, two stories high, its front painted a dingy yellow, the door at the back, is the nearest to Sedan on his way from Vendresse; and a little later Bismarck, leaving Napoleon in the cottage, went off to Donchery to breakfast and dress. As he passed Sheridan on his way to his horse he asked the latter if he had noticed how the emperor had started when they had first met; and Sheridan replying affirmatively, Bismarck said: "Well, it must have been due to my manner, not my words, for those were: 'I salute your majesty just as I would my king.'" Sheridan had already related to me how, while Napoleon's carriage remained halted at the adjacent hamlet, Bismarck came thundering up at a hard gallop, suddenly threw his

BISMARCK RIDING TO MEET NAPOLEON III. ON THE DONCHERY ROAD.

From a photograph, by permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d Street, New York.

of a block of three, standing some fifteen feet south of the high road and at a slightly higher elevation.

Here, part of the time inside the shabby hovel, part of it seated in front on rickety straw-bottomed chairs brought outside by the stubbly-bearded weaver, Napoleon and Bismarck remained in conversation for about an hour and a half. The latter, at all events, while they were outside and so visible to us and, indeed, now and then all but audible, did most of the talking and that with considerable energy; the emperor preserved his impassiveness, smiled faintly occasionally, and now and then made a remark. Moltke joined them for a short time, then he rode away to meet the king horse back on his haunches, sprang from the saddle letting the bridle go, and stalked with great strides up to the emperor, doffing his cap as he reached the side of the carriage.

HOW NAPOLEON LOOKED AND BORE HIMSELF.

Napoleon remained invisible in the upstairs room of the weaver's cottage for half an hour after Bismarck left him; then, with a face of mortal pallor, he came out and betook himself to sauntering moodily and alone, up and down the path in the potato-garden to the right of the cottage, his white-gloved hands clasped behind his

back, and smoking cigarette after cigarette. His gait was curious. He limped slightly on one leg, and he waddled in a sideways fashion, the left shoulder forward, and his whole motion crablike and doddering. Later he came and sat down among his officers, maintaining an almost unbroken silence, while they spoke and gesticulated with great animation.

At a quarter past nine there came from Donchery at a trot, a troop of Prussian cuirassiers, who promptly formed a cordon round the rear of the cottage. The lieutenant dismounted two troopers, and without recognizing the French group or making any semblance of salute, marched them up behind the emperor's chair, halted them, shouted the order, "Draw swords!" and then gave the men their orders in an undertone. Napoleon started abruptly, glanced backward with a gesture of surprise, and the blood came into his face, the first evidence of emotion he had evinced.

About ten Bismarck returned, now in full uniform. Dismounting, he strode up to the emperor and spoke with him for a few moments. Then he ordered up the carriage, which Napoleon entered; and the cortége, escorted by the cuirassier "guard of honor," moved off at a walk towards the Château Bellevue, which lies nearer to Sedan than does the weaver's cottage. The pretty residence looks out through its trees on the broad Meuse and the plain on which stands Sedan. The garden entrance on the first floor is reached by a broad staircase. The emperor was ushered into the drawing-room in the central block, where he remained alone after Bismarck had left him. Matters were not yet in train for the interview he had asked for with the German monarch.

After the departure of the emperor from Sedan, Wimpffen had summoned a convocation of the French generals, who listened to the unfortunate chief, as, in a voice broken by sobs, he recounted the terms insisted on by Moltke. Ultimately the council of generals was unanimous for the acceptance of the German conditions. But Wimpffen unaccountably procrastinated, notwithstanding that the hostile batteries were everywhere taking up menacing positions. At length an officer whom Moltke had sent with the ultimatum that at ten o'clock hostilities would certainly be renewed unless by that hour negotiations should have been resumed, bluntly informed the French general that he had instructions to give the order as he rode back, that the German batteries should open fire promptly at the hour specified. Under stress of this argument Wimpffen accompanied the Prussian officer to the Château Bellevue, in the dining-room of which, soon after eleven o'clock, the capitulation was signed by Moltke and the unhappy French commander. Then the latter had a brief interview with his imperial

THE WEAVER'S COTTAGE WHERE BISMARCK AND NAPOLEON III. CONFERRED THE MORNING AFTER SEDAN.

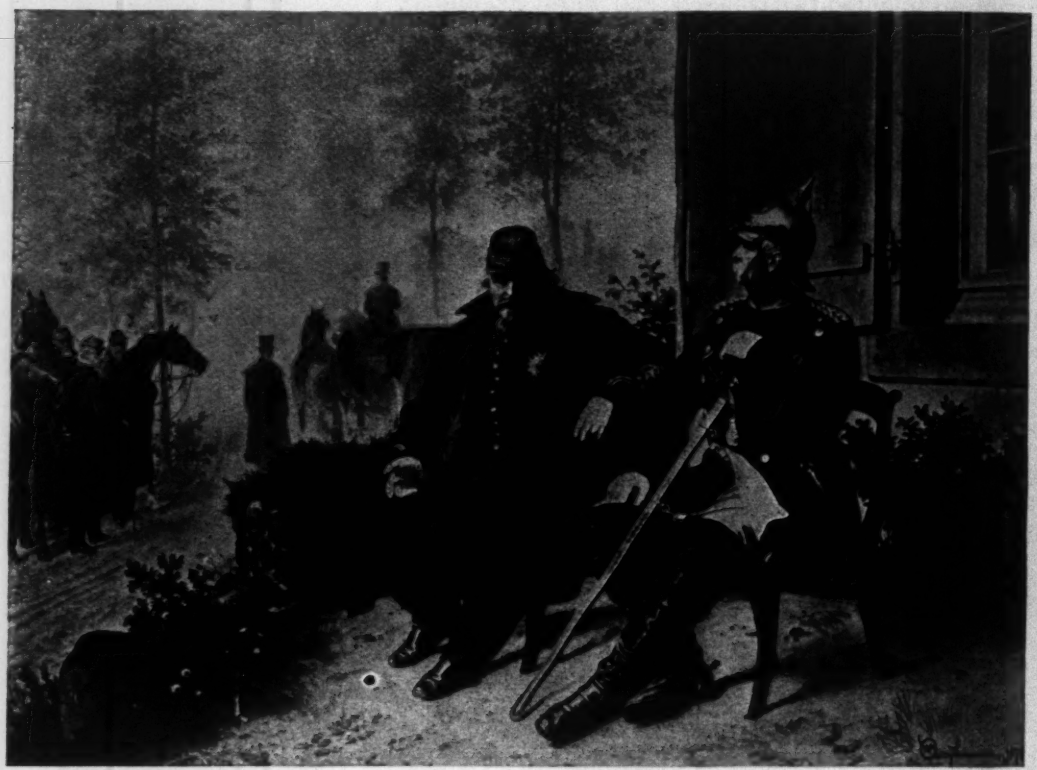
From a photograph by Fradelle & Young, London.

master, whom he told with great emotion that "all was finished." "Napoleon," in Wimpffen's own words, "with tears in his eyes approached me, pressed my hand, and embraced me. . . . My sad and painful duty accomplished, I rode back to Sedan, '*la mort dans l'ame.*'"

NAPOLEON MEETS KING WILLIAM.

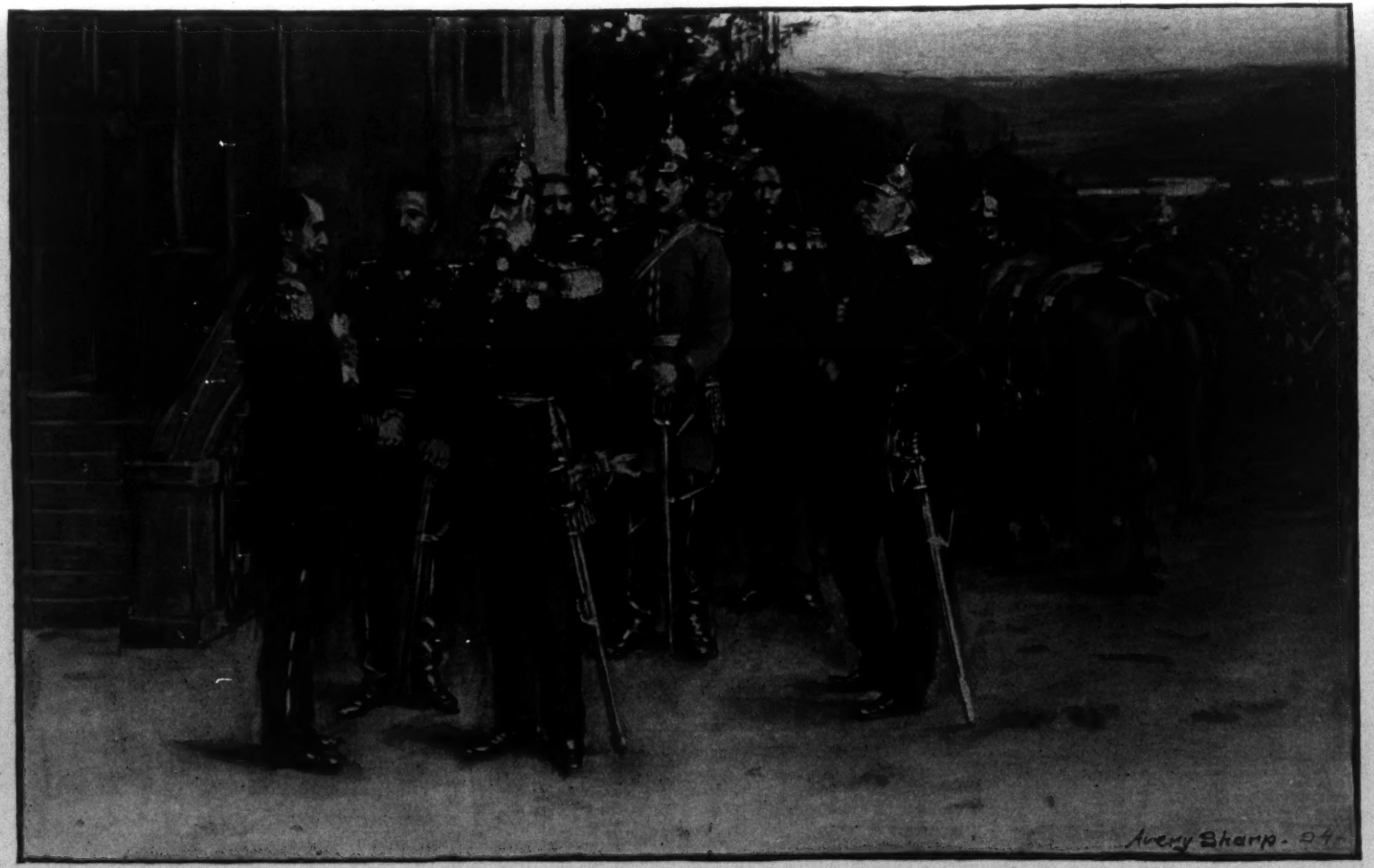
The Prussian king with his son and their staffs, had awaited on the adjacent Frenois hill the tidings of the completion of the capitulation, and now the great cavalcade rode down to the château. As William dismounted Napoleon came down the steps to meet him. The contrast was strange and painful: the German, tall, upright, bluff, square-shouldered, with the flash of success from the keen blue eyes under the helmet, and the glow of triumph on the fresh cheek; the Frenchman, with weary stoop of the shoulders, leaden faced, his eyes drooping, his lip quivering, bare-headed and dishevelled. As the two clasped hands silently, Napoleon's handkerchief was at his eyes, and William's face became full of concern. Their interview in the château lasted about twenty minutes. Then the Prussian king rode away to greet his victorious soldiers; and he who was left remained in the Château Bellevue until the following morning, and then went away into captivity at Wilhelmshöhe.

On the tenth anniversary of the great battle I revisited Sedan. Alike in city and on battle-field there was scarcely a trace of the memorable contest. The bones of the fallen had been exhumed from the scattered graves and gathered into ossuaries, of which the largest was the great crypt under the joint memorial to the French and German dead of the desperate fighting about Bazeilles—a gruesome place, with an alley down the centre, on one side of which had been stacked the skulls and bones of the fallen French, on the other those of the Germans. The only pilgrimage then still somewhat in vogue was to the weaver's cottage, which Madame Fournaise, now a widow, continued to inhabit. The recollections were still fresh



NAPOLEON III. AND BISMARCK CONFERRING TOGETHER IN FRONT OF THE WEAVER'S COTTAGE.

From a painting by W. Camphausen. Reproduced by permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d Street, New York.



MEETING BETWEEN NAPOLEON III. AND KING WILLIAM, AT THE CHÂTEAU BELLEVUE.

From a photograph by Fradelle & Young, London.

of the most momentous day of her life, and she narrated them with not a little spirit and feeling.

NAPOLEON SITS WITH HIS FACE BURIED IN HIS HANDS.

It was about seven in the morning, said the good woman, that the emperor, finding it distasteful to meet the crowd of German soldiers on the road to Donchery, alighted and came up her narrow staircase. To reach the inner room he had to pass through her bedroom, where she had just got out of bed. The furniture of the inner room consisted merely of two straw-seated chairs, a round table, and a press. Bismarck, "in a rough dress," presently joined the emperor, and for a considerable time they conversed in low tones, of which she, remaining in the outer room, occasionally caught a word or two. Then Bismarck abruptly rose and came clattering out. "*Il avait bien mauvaise mine*," remarked Madame Fournaise. She warned him of the break-neck stairs, but, said she, he "sprang down them like a man of twenty," mounted his horse, and rode away toward Donchery. When she ventured to enter the room in which the emperor was left, she found him seated at the little table, with his face buried in his hands. "Can I do anything for your Majesty?" she asked, much moved by his evident suffering. "Only to pull down the blinds," was Napoleon's reply, without lifting his head. He would not see General Lebrun, who desired to be with him. In about an hour Bismarck returned, now in full dress. After a short conversation, he preceded the emperor down the stairs, facing toward him so as to "usher him with a certain honor." On her threshold the emperor gave her four napoleons. "He put them into my own hand, and he said, in a voice in which there were tears, 'This hospitality of yours is, perhaps, the last which I shall ever receive in France.'" With a kindly word of farewell "which I shall never forget," concluded Madame Fournaise, the emperor quitted the poor house in which he had undergone so much misery, and entered the carriage which conveyed him to the Château Bellevue.

Good-hearted soul as was Madame Fournaise, she was all the same a woman of business, and had made the most of her opportunities. It was to Bismarck she sold—not at his own price—the table at which he had sat with the forlorn emperor. The purchasers of the veritably original two straw-bottomed chairs were Sir Beauchamp Walker, the English military commissioner, and General Sheridan. For years, although the pilgrims were by this time not so plentiful, she had done well for herself by showing the upper chamber in which the interview took place, and by selling, mostly, she said, to Americans, relay after relay of straw-bottomed chairs, which she frankly owned to me to have passed off as the originals. "And what about the four napoleons?" I asked:—"No doubt you have sold them over and over again."

"Oh, my God, no!" she exclaimed; "never! never! Did he not give them to me with his own hand? See, the original four are there, in that locked case on the mantel with the glass top. Yes, I have had great offers for them; over and over again I could have had five hundred francs for the four pieces, but no money would tempt me to sell them."

In the autumn of 1892 it happened that I was once again in Sedan. On my way back from looking at the pathetic and graceful monument near the Meuse, which France had recently raised to the memory of her dead, I halted in front of the historic cottage. I found it uninhabited and in dilapidation. The door was locked, and the key far away, in the possession of the proprietor, a farmer of Carignan. There was no longer access to the upper room, wherein sat Napoleon and Bismarck on that memorable morning two and twenty years before. And what of Madame Fournaise? In one of the adjacent cottages I found a crone, who told me she was dead years ago. She lies in the Donchery graveyard, and on her deathbed she had directed that the four napoleons she had cherished so long, should be dedicated to the payment for her grave, and to defray the funeral expenses of the poor woman who had given to the unfortunate emperor, "the last hospitality he received in France."

GENERAL SHERIDAN'S OBSERVATIONS AT SEDAN.

A LETTER FROM GENERAL SHERIDAN TO GENERAL GRANT.

[The editor of McClure's Magazine is glad to be able to publish the following letter from General Sheridan to General Grant, written eleven days after the surrender of the French to the Germans at Sedan, and giving Sheridan's observations at Sedan and other battles in the Franco-Prussian War.]

Reims, France, *September* 13, 1870.

My Dear General Grant:

The capture of the Emperor Napoleon and McMahon's army at Sedan on the 1st of September has thrown France into a chaos which even embarrasses the Prussian authorities. It seems to a quiet observer as though Prussia had done too much. Whom to negotiate with, whom to hold responsible in the final settlement, are becoming grave questions, and one cannot see what will be the result. I was present at the battles of Beaumont, Gravelotte, and Sedan, and have had my imagination clipped, in seeing these battles, of many of the errors it had run into in its conceptions of what might be expected of the trained troops of Europe. There was about the same percentage of sneaks and runaways, and the general conditions of the battles were about the same as our own. One thing was especially noticeable—the scattered condition of the men in going into battle and their scattered condition while engaged. At Gravelotte, Beaumont, and Sedan the men engaged on both sides were so scattered that it looked like thousands of men engaged in a deadly skirmish without any regard to lines or formation. These battles were of this style of fighting, commencing at long range, and might be called progressive fighting, closing at night by the French always giving up their position, or being driven from it in this way by the Prussians. The latter had their own strategy up to the Moselle, and it was good and successful. After that river was reached the French made the strategy for the Prussians, and it was more successful than their own.

The Prussian soldiers are very good, brave fellows, all young, scarcely a man over twenty-seven in the first levies. They had gone into each battle with the determination to win. It is also especially noticeable that the Prussians have attacked the French wherever they have found them, let the numbers be great or small, and, so far as I have been able to see, though the grand tactics of bringing on the engagements have been good, yet the battles have been won by the good, square fighting of the men and junior officers. It is true the Prussians have been two to one, except in one of the battles before Metz, that of the 18th of August; still the French have had the advantage of very strong positions. Generally speaking, the French soldiers have not fought well. It may be because the poor fellows had been discouraged by the trap into which their commander had led them; but I must confess to having seen some of the tallest running at Sedan I have ever witnessed: especially on the left of the French position, all attempts to make the men stand seemed to be unavailing. So disgraceful was this that it caused the French cavalry to make three or four gallant but foolish charges, as it were to show that there was at least some manhood left in a mounted French soldier.

I am disgusted; all my boyhood's fancies of the soldiers of the great Napoleon have been dissipated, or else the soldiers of the Little Corporal have lost their *élan* in the pampered parade soldiers of the Man of Destiny. The Prussians will settle, I think, by making the line of the Moselle the German line, taking in Metz and Strasburg, and the expenses of the war.

I have been most kindly received by the king and Count Bismarck and all the officers of the headquarters of the Prussian army; have seen much of great interest, and especially have been able to observe the difference between European battles and those of our own country. There is nothing to be learned here professionally, and it is a satisfaction to learn that such is the case. There is much, however, which Europeans could learn from us—the use of

rifle-pits, the use of cavalry, which they do not use well; for instance, there is a line of communication from here to Germany exposed to the whole south of France, with scarcely a soldier on the whole line, and it has never been touched. There are a hundred things in which they are behind us. The staff departments are very poorly organized, the quartermaster's department very wretched, etc.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

P. H. SHERIDAN,
Lieutenant-General.

P.S.—We go to-morrow with the headquarters of the king to a point about twenty miles from Paris.—P. H. S.

MY JENNY.

BY JOHN ERNEST MCCANN.

I.

MY Jenny hasn't a penny—
But that matters not to me:
She has two fine eyes,
As soft as the skies,
And deep as the tranquil sea.
There's nothing of art
In her true-blue heart;
She's just like a morn in May,
When the young year's song
Is tripping along,
And winter is far away.

II.

My Jenny hasn't a penny—
Her dress is a gingham gown;
You wouldn't look at
Her old felt hat,
And her shoes are all run down.
She hasn't a glove
On her hands; but love
Has dressed them with many a kiss;
And we envy none
'Neath the rolling sun,
In a fine old world like this.

III.

My Jenny hasn't a penny—
The truth is, neither have I!
We're burdened with health,
But not with the wealth
That makes our poor neighbors sigh.
We never need groan
With holding our own,
For our own is as light as air;
But from spring to spring
We whistle and sing—
It's folly to care for care!

THE NIGHT AT HARRISBURG.

A REMINISCENCE OF LINCOLN'S JOURNEY TO WASHINGTON IN 1861.

By Colonel A. K. McClure,

Editor of the "Philadelphia Times."

ABOUT the 1st of January, 1861, I received a telegram from Lincoln, requesting me to come to Springfield. It is proper to say that this invitation was in answer to a telegram from me, advising him against the appointment of General Cameron as Secretary of War. The factional feuds and bitter antagonisms of that day have long since perished, and I do not purpose, in any way, to revive them. On the 31st of December, Lincoln had delivered to Cameron, at Springfield, a letter notifying him that he would be nominated for a cabinet position. This fact became known immediately upon Cameron's return, and inspired very vigorous opposition to his appointment, in which Governor Curtin, Thaddeus Stevens, David Wilmot, and many others participated. Although the Senate, of which I was a member, was just about to organize, I hastened to Springfield, and reached there at seven o'clock in the evening. I had telegraphed Lincoln of the hour that I should arrive, and that I must return at eleven the same night. I went directly from the depot to Lincoln's house, and rang the bell, which was answered by Lincoln himself opening the door. I doubt whether I wholly concealed my disappointment at meeting him. Tall, gaunt, ungainly, ill-clad, with a homeliness of manner that was unique in itself, I confess that my heart sank within me as I remembered that this was the man chosen by a great nation to become its ruler in the gravest period of its history. I remember his dress as if it were but yesterday—snuff-colored and slouchy pantaloons; open black vest, held by a few brass buttons; straight, or evening, dress-coat, with tightly-fitting sleeves to exaggerate his long, bony arms; and all supplemented by an awkwardness that was uncommon among men of intelligence. Such was the picture I met in the person of Abraham Lincoln. We sat down in his plainly furnished parlor, and were uninterrupted during the nearly four hours that I remained with him, and little by little, as his earnestness, sincerity, and candor were developed in conversation, I forgot all the grotesque qualities which so confounded me when I first greeted him. Before half an hour had passed I learned not only to respect, but, indeed, to reverence the man.

It is needless to give any account of the special mission on which I was called to Springfield, beyond the fact that the tender of a cabinet position to Pennsylvania was recalled by him on the following day, although renewed and accepted two months later, when the cabinet was finally formed in Washington. It was after the Pennsylvania cabinet imbroglio was disposed of that Lincoln exhibited his true self without reserve. For more than two hours he discussed the gravity of the situation and the appalling danger of civil war. Although he had never been in public office outside the Illinois legislature, beyond a single session of Congress, and had little intercourse with men of national prominence during the twelve years after his return from Washington, he exhibited remarkable knowledge of all the leading public men of the country, and none could mistake the patriotic purpose that inspired him in approaching the mighty responsibility that had been cast upon him by the people. He discussed the slavery question in all its aspects, and all the various causes which were used as pretexts for rebellion; and he not only was master of the whole question, but thoroughly understood his duty, and was prepared to perform it. During this conversation I had little to

By permission, from "Abraham Lincoln and Men of War Times," by Colonel A. K. McClure, Times Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Colonel McClure's reminiscence has a particular interest as supplementing the article by Mr. Cleveland Moffett, "How Allan Pinkerton Thwarted the First Plot to Assassinate Lincoln," published in McClure's Magazine for November, 1894, and as relating the same story from the point of view of an actual participant in the adventure.

say beyond answering an occasional question or suggestion from him, and I finally left him, fully satisfied that he understood the political conditions in Pennsylvania nearly as well as I did myself, and entirely assured that, of all the public men named for the Presidency at Chicago, he was the most competent and the safest to take the helm of the ship of state and guide it through the impending storm. I saw many dark days akin to despair during the four years which recorded the crimsoned annals from Sumter to Appomattox, but I never had reason to change or seriously question that judgment.

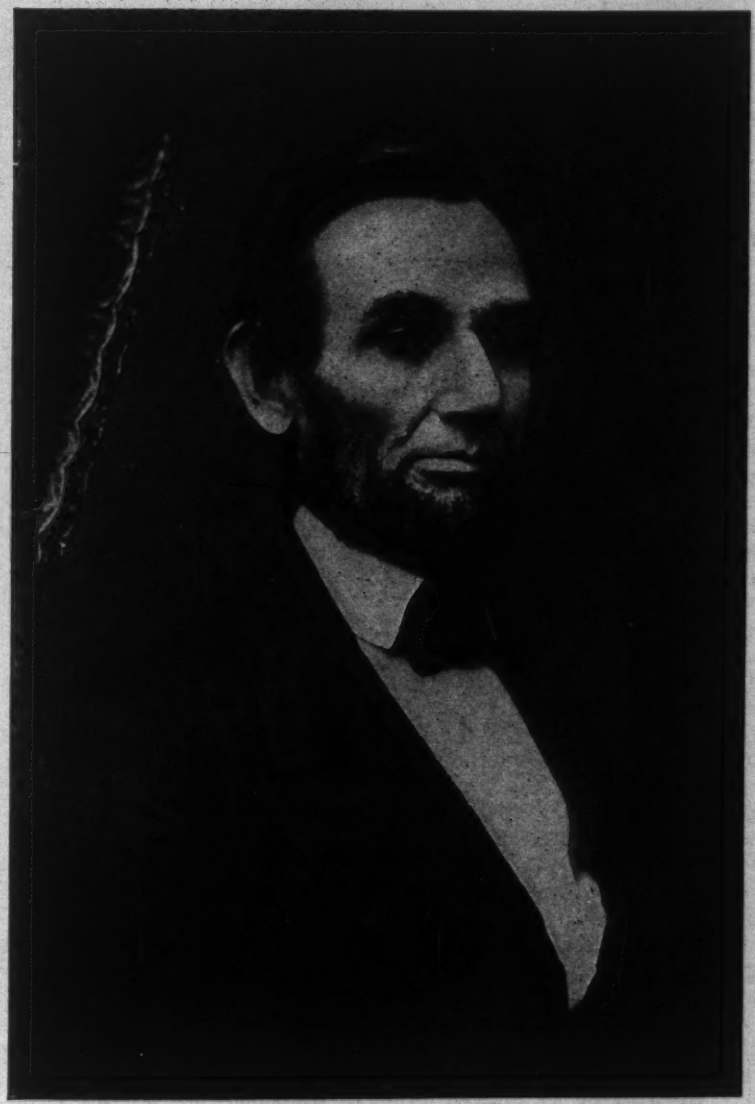
THE MOST TRYING ORDEAL OF LINCOLN'S LIFE.

I next met Abraham Lincoln at Harrisburg on the 22d of February, 1861, when he passed through the most trying ordeal of his life. He had been in Philadelphia the night before, where he was advised by letters from General Winfield Scott and his prospective premier, Senator Seward, that he could not pass through Baltimore on the 23d without grave peril to his life. His route, as published to the world for some days, was from Philadelphia to Harrisburg on the morning of the 22d; to remain in Harrisburg over night as the guest of Governor Curtin, and to leave for Washington the next morning by the Northern Central Railway, that would take him through Baltimore about midday. A number of detectives under the direction of President Felton of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, and Allan Pinkerton, chief of the well-known detective agency, were convinced from the information they obtained that Lincoln would be assassinated if he attempted to pass through Baltimore according to the published programme. A conference at the Continental Hotel in Philadelphia on the night of the 21st, at which Lincoln was advised of the admonitions of Scott and Seward, had not resulted in any final determination as to his route to Washington. He was from the first extremely reluctant about any change, but it was finally decided that he should proceed to Harrisburg on the morning of the 22d and be guided by events.

The two speeches made by Lincoln on the 22d of February do not exhibit a single trace of mental disturbance from the appalling news he had received. He hoisted the Stars and Stripes to the pinnacle of Independence Hall early in the morning, and delivered a brief address that was eminently characteristic of the man. He arrived at Harrisburg about noon, was received in the House of Representatives by the Governor and both branches of the legislature, and there spoke with the same calm deliberation and incisiveness which marked all his speeches during the journey from Springfield to Washington. After the reception at the House another conference was held on the subject of his route to Washington, and, while every person present, with the exception of Lincoln, was positive in the demand that the programme should be changed, he still obstinately hesitated. He did not believe that the danger of assassination was serious.

The afternoon conference practically decided nothing, but it was assumed by those active in directing Lincoln's journey that there must be a change. Lincoln dined at the Jones House about five o'clock, with Governor Curtin as host of the occasion. I recall as guests the names of Colonel Thomas A. Scott, Colonel Sumner, Colonel Lamon, Dr. Wallace, David Davis, Secretary Slifer, Attorney-General Purviance, Adjutant-General Russell, and myself. There were others at the table, but I do not recall them with certainty. Of that dinner circle, as I remember them, only three are now living—Governor Curtin, Colonel Lamon, and the writer hereof. Mr. Judd was not a guest, as he was giving personal attention to Mrs. Lincoln, who was much disturbed by the suggestion to separate the President from her, and she narrowly escaped attracting attention to the movements which required the utmost secrecy.

It was while at dinner that it was finally determined that Lincoln should return to Philadelphia and go thence to Washington that night, as had been arranged in Philadelphia the night previous, in the event of a decision to change the programme previously announced. No one who heard the discussion of the question could efface it from his memory. The admonitions received from General Scott and Senator Seward were made known to Governor Curtin at the table, and the question of a change of route was discussed for some time by every one, with the single exception of Lincoln. He was the one silent man of the party, and when he was finally compelled to speak, he unhesitatingly expressed his disapproval of the movement. With impressive earnestness he thus answered the appeal of his friends: "What would the nation think of its President



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LINCOLN IN 1861.

There are in existence now but few original negatives of portraits of Lincoln. Brady made a number, which he sold to the government; and the portaits of Lincoln commonly seen are copies of one or another of these, or of the well-known Hesler picture, wherein Lincoln is shown without a beard. The above portrait is from a photograph by McNulta, taken at Springfield, Illinois, just previous to Lincoln's departure for Washington in January, 1861. It is accounted about the truest portrait of Lincoln ever made. His friends at home esteemed it so highly that they chose it as the model for a painting made for the Illinois State-house. The original negative, an old-fashioned wet plate, is very well preserved, and is now in the historical collection of H. W. Fay, Esq., De Kalb, Illinois, by whose kind permission the present reproduction is made.

stealing into the capital like a thief in the night?' It was only when the other guests were unanimous in the expression that it was not a question for Lincoln to determine, but one for his friends to determine for him, that he finally agreed to submit to whatever was decided by those around him.

LINCOLN'S SECRET DEPARTURE FROM HARRISBURG.

It was most fortunate that Colonel Scott was one of the guests at that dinner. He was wise and keen in perception, and bold and swift in execution. The time was short, and if a change was to be made in Lincoln's route, it was necessary for him to reach Philadelphia by eleven o'clock that night, or very soon thereafter. Scott at once became master of ceremonies, and everything that was done was in obedience to his directions. There was a crowd of thousands around the hotel, anxious to see the new President, and ready to cheer him to the uttermost. It was believed to be best that only one man should accompany Lincoln in his journey to Philadelphia and Washington, and Lincoln decided that Lamon should be his companion. Colonel Sumner, who felt that he had been charged with the safety of the President-elect, and whose silvered crown seemed to entitle him to precedence, earnestly protested against Lincoln leaving his immediate care, but it was deemed unsafe to have more than one accompany him, and the veteran soldier was compelled to surrender his charge. That preliminary question settled, Scott directed that Curtin, Lincoln, and Lamon should at once proceed to the front steps of the hotel, where there was a vast throng waiting to receive them, and that Curtin should call distinctly, so that the crowd could hear, for a carriage, and direct the coachman to drive the party to the Executive Mansion. That was the natural thing for Curtin to do—to take the President to the governor's mansion as his guest, and it excited no suspicion whatever.

Before leaving the dining-room, Governor Curtin halted Lincoln and Lamon at the door, and inquired of Lamon whether he was well armed. Lamon had been chosen by Lincoln as his companion, because of his exceptional physical power and prowess, but Curtin wanted assurance that he was properly equipped for defence. Lamon at once uncovered a small arsenal of deadly weapons, showing that he was literally armed to the teeth. In addition to a pair of heavy revolvers, he had a slung-shot and brass knuckles, and a huge knife nestled under his vest. The three entered the carriage, and, as instructed by Scott, drove toward the Executive Mansion, but when near there the driver was ordered to take a circuitous route, and to reach the railroad depot within half an hour. When Curtin and his party had gotten fairly away from the hotel, I accompanied Scott to the railway depot, where he at once cleared one of his lines from Harrisburg to Philadelphia, so that there could be no obstruction upon it, as had been agreed upon at Philadelphia the evening before, in case the change should be made. In the meantime he had ordered a locomotive and a single car to be brought to the eastern entrance of the depot, and at the appointed time the carriage arrived. Lincoln and Lamon emerged from the carriage and entered the car unnoticed by any except those interested in the matter, and after a quiet but fervent "Good-by, and God protect you!" the engineer quietly moved his train away on its momentous mission.

COLONEL McCLURE AND COLONEL SCOTT PASS AN ANXIOUS NIGHT.

As soon as the train left, I accompanied Scott in the work of severing all the telegraph lines which entered Harrisburg. He was not content with directing that it should be done, but he personally saw that every wire was cut. This was about seven o'clock in the evening. It had been arranged that the eleven o'clock train from Philadelphia to Washington should be held until Lincoln arrived, on the pretext of delivering an important package to the conductor. The train on which he was to leave Philadelphia was due in Washington at six in the morning, and Scott kept faithful vigil during the entire night, not only to see that there should be no restoration of the wires, but waiting with anxious solicitude for the time when he might hope to hear the good news that Lincoln had arrived in safety. To guard against every possible chance of imposition, a special cipher was agreed upon that could not possibly be understood by any but the parties to it. It was a long, weary night of fretful anxiety to the dozen or more in Harrisburg who had knowledge of the sudden departure of Lincoln. No one attempted to sleep. All felt that the fate of the nation hung on the safe progress of Lincoln to Washington without detection on his journey. Scott,

MRS. LINCOLN.

From a photograph by Brady, now in the War collection of Robert Coster, Esq., by whose kind permission it was used for the present reproduction.

who was of heroic mould, several times tried to temper the severe strain of his anxiety by looking up railway matters, but he would soon abandon the listless effort, and thrice we strolled from the depot to the Jones House and back again, in aimless struggle to hasten the slowly-passing hours, only to find equally anxious watchers there and a wife whose sobbing heart could not be consoled. At last the eastern horizon was purpled with the promise of day. Scott reunited the broken lines for the lightning messenger, and he was soon gladdened by an unsigned despatch from Washington, saying, "Plums delivered nuts safely." He whirled his high hat in the little telegraph office as he shouted, "Lincoln's in Washington," and we rushed to the Jones House and hurried a messenger to the Executive Mansion to spread the glad tidings that Lincoln had safely made his midnight journey to the capital.

LINCOLN NEVER BELIEVED HE WAS IN DANGER AT BALTIMORE.

I have several times heard Lincoln refer to this journey, and always with regret. Indeed, he seemed to regard it as one of the grave mistakes in his public career. He was fully convinced, as Colonel Lamon has stated it, that "he had fled from a danger purely imaginary, and he felt the shame and mortification natural to a brave man under such circumstances." Mrs. Lincoln and her suite passed through Baltimore on the 23d without any sign of turbulence. The fact that there was not even a curious crowd brought together when she passed through the city—which then required considerable time, as the cars were taken across Baltimore by horses—confirmed Lincoln in his belief. It is needless now to discuss the question of real or imaginary danger in Lincoln passing through Baltimore at noonday according to the original programme. It is enough to know that there were reasonable grounds for apprehension that an attempt might be made upon his life, even if there was not the organized band of assassins that the detectives believed to exist. His presence in the city would have called out an immense concourse of people, including thousands of thoroughly disloyal roughs who could easily have been inspired to any measure of violence. He simply acted the part of a prudent man in his reluctant obedience to the unanimous decision of his friends in Harrisburg when he was suddenly sent back to Philadelphia to take the midnight train for Washington, and there was no good reason why he should have regretted it; but his naturally sensitive disposition made him always feel humiliated when it recurred to him.

The sensational stories, published at the time, of his disguise for the journey, were wholly untrue. He was reported as having been dressed in a Scotch cap and cloak, and as entering the car at the Broad and Prime station by some private alleyway, but there was no truth whatever in any of these statements. I saw him leave the dining-room at Harrisburg to enter the carriage with Curtin and Lamon. I saw him enter the car at the Harrisburg depot, and the only change in his dress was the substitution of a soft slouch hat for the high one he had worn during the day. He wore the same overcoat that he had worn when he arrived at Harrisburg, and the only extra apparel he had about him was the shawl that hung over his arm. When he reached West Philadelphia he was met by Superintendent Kenney, who had a carriage in waiting with a single detective in it. Lincoln and Lamon entered the carriage, and Kenney mounted the box with the driver. They were in advance of the time for the starting of the Baltimore train, and they were driven around on Broad Street, as the driver was informed, in search of some one wanted by Kenney and the detective, until it was time to reach the station. When there they entered by the public doorway on Broad Street, and passed directly, along with other passengers, to the car where their berths had been engaged. The journey to Washington was entirely uneventful, and at six in the morning the train entered the Washington station on schedule time. Seward had been advised, by the return of his son from Philadelphia, of the probable execution of this programme, and he and Washburne were in the station and met the President and his party, and all drove together to Willard's Hotel. Thus ends the story of Lincoln's midnight journey from Harrisburg to the National Capital.

NOTE.—*In the July number of* McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, *Mr. E. J. Edwards will continue his papers on Tammany with an account of the development, operations, exposure, and punishment of the notorious Tweed ring. He will tell the whole story; and many illustrations will accompany the paper. In the same number Mr. Cleveland Moffett will continue his thrilling stories from the archives of the Pinkerton Detective Bureau.*